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MAY, 1954

THE Liguorian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

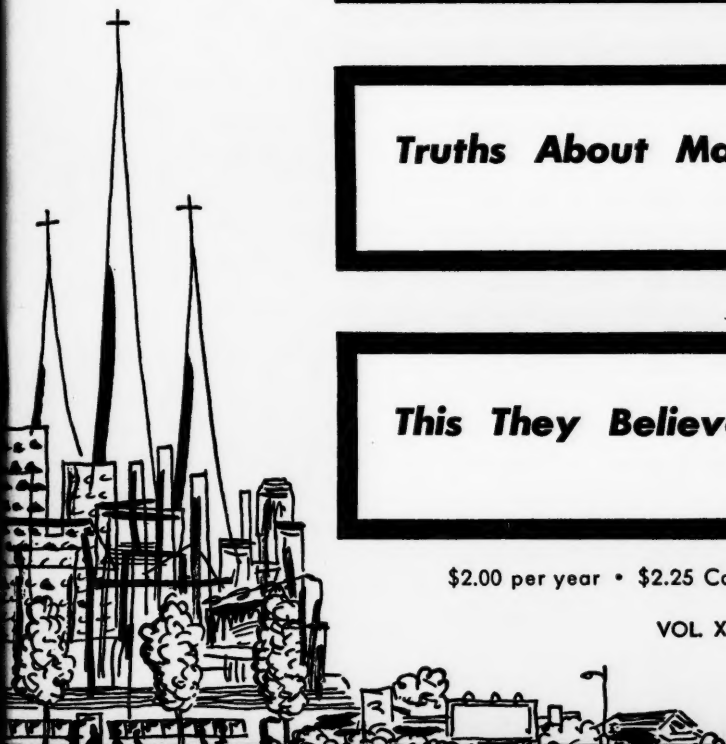
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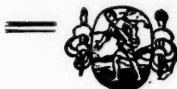
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THE *Liguorian*

May, 1954

a magazine for the lovers of good reading



Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

Truths About Mary

It would not be right for any Catholic to let the Marian Year pass without frequent meditations on the following truths and resultant increase in fervor and prayer to Mary.

Donald F. Miller

IT is well known that many Christians who are not Catholics find great difficulty over the Catholic concept and practice of devotion to Mary, the mother of Christ. A large part of this difficulty arises from the fact that they have been taught erroneous ideas as to just what Catholics believe about Mary. A simple statement of the simple truths that all Catholics accept concerning the mother of Christ may help to remove some of the difficulty for men and women of good will.

On the other hand there are some Catholics who admit to a lack of strong devotion to the mother of God. There are not many, but they are of a sufficient number to deserve attention. Their trouble is, not that they have been taught wrong things about Mary, but that they have not learned, absorbed and applied enough of the truths about Mary. For them, too, a simple statement of the basic doctrines revealed about Mary, and of their natural consequences for the human mind and heart, may bring them to oneness with the majority of Catholics in devotion to God's mother.

For the sake of clearness, each

Catholic doctrine concerning Mary will first be simply stated; then something of the opposition will be set forth; then a reference to the proofs of the doctrine, as found in the Bible, will be given; and finally, the natural, practical effect of the doctrine on the hearts and lives of good Christians will be shown.

1.

Mary is truly and properly to be called the Mother of God.

1. *The opposition:* There is only one possible way in which this proposition can be denied, and that is through a denial of the statement that Christ was God. In the early ages of the Christian era, this denial was often made the basis for refusing to give to Mary the title of Mother of God. Some said that His body was only an apparent body: others said that His human nature was completely distinct from His divine nature and that Mary was responsible only for the former; still others said that, while He was greater than any other man, He was less than God. Through these and many other errors about Christ, misguided men maintained that Mary could not be called the

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Mother of God.

In modern times, outside the Catholic Church, there is much confusion concerning who or what Christ was. Even a poll of Protestant ministers some time ago revealed that some did not believe that He was God, and many were not quite sure of the sense in which He would be considered God. Every such doubt or denial concerning Christ's divinity lessens or destroys the possibility both of giving the title "Mother of God" to Mary and of being affected by it.

2. *The proof:* Every reference to Mary's Son in the Bible, in the prophecies that preceded Him, in the annunciation to Mary, in the story of His birth, proclaim Him to be God. According to Isaiah, He was to be Emmanuel, which is interpreted "God with us." According to Luke, Mary was to conceive and bear a Son who would be called the Son of the Most High and the Son of God. Christ called Himself God; His works proved Him to be God. No other conclusion can be drawn from all this than that Mary was the mother of the one divine person who united in Himself the two natures of God and man. Clearly she is to be called the Mother of God.

3. *The effect:* The spontaneous effect of this truth on the normal human heart is that it will desire to honor Mary. It is impossible to resist the tendency to honor the mothers of great men and women of our acquaintance. But God's selection of Mary to be His own mother when He became man calls forth from our hearts a kind of honor such as we could give to no other human being. It is not divine honor or adoration, because Mary always remains a creature of God; but it is honor that takes its cue from God Himself, Whose angel called her "full

of grace" and "blessed among all women."

2.

Mary was immaculately conceived, i.e., without ever being subject to the effect of original sin.

1. *The opposition:* The denial of this truth springs from one of two errors concerning the state of all born after the sin of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. The first is that of those pessimists who consider the nature of man so thoroughly corrupt that not even God can take away the corruption; He can only turn His eyes away from it or act as if the corruption were not there at all. It is to be expected that such teachers would scoff at the idea that Mary was spared from the corruption that has become intrinsic to the very nature of a human being.

The second is that of those optimists who admit no effects of original sin, or who deny that there ever was any such thing as original sin to leave a taint on human nature. All who have rejected the supernatural in religion, or who have reduced Christianity to little more than an inspiration for doing good to others, or who deny that the Bible is the revealed word of God, consider the doctrine of Mary's immaculate conception a mere fiction.

2. *The proof:* For those who accept the Bible as the infallibly revealed word of God, there can be no doubt either of the fact of original sin as transmitted from Adam and Eve to all human beings, or of the fact that Mary was made exempt from it from the very instant of her conception.

The fact of the universal inheritance of original sin is clear from the penalties God invoked on the human family after the sin of its first parents, and the frequent references to its effect to be found in the New Testament. That Mary was to be the only one exempted

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from the effects of original sin, God made clear by His words to Satan in the midst of His prophecies that all men would suffer from original sin. He said: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman." (Gen. 3:15) This could hardly mean anything but that Mary would never for an instant be aligned with Satan as all ordinary mortals are through original sin. That she actually was so freed from Satan's power was stated by the angel who said to her: "Hail, full of grace." (Luke, 1:28) Such fullness of grace leaves no room for any of the effects of original sin that would have been in her had she not been, through the anticipated merits of Christ's death, exempted from it from the very moment when she came into being.

3. *The effect:* The principle effect of the doctrine of Mary's immaculate conception on all true Christians is to emphasize in their minds the importance of sanctifying grace, to assure them of the plentifulness of Christ's merits for every human being, and to give solid hope to their striving to preserve and increase grace in their souls once it has been attained. Therefore her immaculate conception makes of Mary *an ideal* toward which all Christians are inspired to strive through the merits of the same Saviour whose merits gave such beauty to her.

3.

Mary always remained a virgin — before, during and after the birth of her divine Son.

1. *The opposition:* The denial of Mary's perpetual virginity has always had its origin, not in the texts of the Bible, but in the desire of some men to lessen esteem for her in the souls of men or in mistaken notions of her relations to Christ and to all men. Some even deny it in order to bolster up their unscriptural teachings concerning chas-

tity and virginity. Almost every tract that attacks the Catholic Church on any ground gets around sooner or later to ridicule the idea of the perpetual virginity of Mary.

Two much abused texts of the Gospels are used to bolster up this position. The first is the fact that St. Luke (2:17) speaks of Mary as "bringing forth her first-born son," as if he thereby indicated that she must have had a second and third, etc., after the natural manner. But the words "first born" prove nothing, because this was a legal title among the Jews, signifying certain religious duties and obligations imposed on mothers in regard to their first born sons, whether they ever had any other children or not. The second text is that in which St. Matthew (12:46) speaks of the "mother and the brethren of Jesus." But this proves nothing because the Aramaic word used in the original for "brothers" was commonly used for our general word "relatives," and because the so-called brethren of Jesus can be quite well identified as cousins or relatives other than brothers.

The proof: Anyone who believes that the Bible is the revealed word of God must accept its unequivocal statements that Mary was a virgin before, during and after the birth of Our Lord. Isaias, quoted by St. Matthew, says, "a virgin shall conceive." St. Matthew says that before Mary and Joseph came together, "she was found with child of the Holy Spirit." That Mary remained physically a virgin in giving birth to Christ is clear from the fact that Isaias says not only that a virgin shall conceive a child, but also "shall bear a child." That she always remained a virgin is clear from the insistence of the Bible on calling her a virgin, and from the fact that from the time of Christ this title has been given her

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by all Christian ages.

The effect: There are two almost inescapable effects of this truth on the hearts of all who accept it as clearly revealed in the Bible. The first is that of special *admiration* for Mary. It has often been remarked that even degenerate pagans find themselves wistfully admiring the chaste and the pure. This admiration grows in intensity with the individual's desires and efforts to escape lust and practice real purity. It is Mary's spotless virginity that has won her the regard of all Christian ages, and that spontaneously awakens a sense of reverence for her in anyone who comes to know it and contemplate it.

With that admiration and reverence for Mary that arises from the knowledge of her virginity, there is always an irresistible desire to be pure. God knows, as all honest men know, that weakness of the flesh is one of the most insistent effects of original sin, and one of the greatest dangers to salvation for all mankind. Mary's virginity was intended by God to offset this danger. The very beauty it adds to Mary intensifies one's realization of the degradation of lust. It glorifies parenthood in chaste wedlock, it inspires some souls to life-long virginity for the love of God, and it moves sinners to repentance and reform.

4.

Mary may, in a very real sense, be called the co-redeemer of the human race and the mediatrix of all the graces through which men are saved.

The opposition: Often this truth is denied and scoffed at by persons who have clearly made no effort to learn what the Catholic Church means by the terms used.

The objections of such are centered about a very important text in the epistle of St. Paul to Titus, (2:5):

"There is only one mediator between God and men, Jesus Christ. . . . Who gave Himself as a ransom for them all." On the basis of this text, and others similar to it, it is said that any reference to Christ's mother as a co-redeemer or mediator for men is strictly forbidden as a denial of Scripture and a dishonor to Christ.

However, all Catholic teachers and textbooks from the beginning of Christianity have insisted on the acceptance of this text in its clear and absolute meaning. In fact, in most textbooks of theology, you will find definite statements that exclude Mary from any office that would in the least lessen the force of the clear statement of St. Paul that "Christ is the only mediator between God and man."

Therefore, whenever a Catholic writer applies the titles "co-Redeemer" or "mediator" to Mary, it is always with a caution that they be in no way misunderstood. One author expresses this caution in three statements that have always been a part of Catholic belief: 1. Mary neither was nor could be the principal or effective cause of our redemption, because only Christ could redeem us and only He could be the perfect mediator between God and men. 2. Mary could not merit redemption or any other favor for men in her own right or by her own power, because only Christ as the God-man could merit redemption for men through His own power. 3. Whatever Mary could merit for us, could be merited only in complete dependence on the merits of Christ, through which she herself received her great dignity and office.

It is clear therefore, that there can be no room in any Catholic's thinking for the idea that Mary supersedes Christ or can do anything for men except through the merits of Christ. At

the same time Christ made it clear that there is a secondary and dependent sense in which the titles of mediator and co-redeemer can be applied to Mary.

The proof: Certainly nobody can deny the truth that Mary was chosen by God to be in a special way a helper to His Son in redeeming all mankind. She was chosen to be a very intimate helper. She was asked to give her consent to becoming the Mother of God. Her answer was: "Be it done unto me according to Thy word." She was privileged to form the body of Christ in her own womb, and to bring it forth into the world. She was the one who was asked to watch over His growth into manhood, when He would be ready to enter upon the work of our redemption. She was made to share His sufferings for us all, even up to the moment when she stood, sorrowing, beneath His cross. How perfectly natural to see in all this God's own wish that she be considered, in a certain secondary sense, our "co-redeemer," — i.e., the one whom God Himself chose to assist the Redeemer most intimately and personally.

It is especially from the fact that Mary was chosen by God to bring His Son incarnate into the world that the title of mediatrix of all graces is bestowed on her. Again this title in no way detracts from that of Christ as the sole, principal, effective mediator between God and man. It merely means that she is a created instrument that God used in bringing redemption to the world. It is apparent that God used her as a chosen means through which our Redeemer would come to us. How perfectly natural it is to assume that since God chose that Christ Himself, the source of all redemption and all grace, should come to us through Mary, so all the graces made available

For the Marian Year

A group of one hundred persons in Bradford, England have started a "prayerthon" which they plan to continue for the duration of the Marian Year. At least one volunteer is on his knees in St. Mary's Catholic Church at all times during the daily prayer period of seven in the morning until nine at night, praying for peace in the world and for persecuted Christians everywhere.

to us through Christ should, according to God's plan, be distributed through her. How can it be other than in accord with God's will that she whom He chose to give Christ Himself to the world, should also be destined by Him to distribute the graces that He merited for all?

The effect: Both of these titles of Mary are the basis for the strong confidence that all Catholics have in the intercessory power of Mary to help them. Note that her power is *intercessory*; she can only ask her Son to grant favors to those who pray to her. But because she shared so intimately in His work of redemption, and because she was permitted to bring Him into the world, it must be recognized that her power to induce Him to help souls is beyond anything that can be conceived. God does not waste things, nor create anything in vain. It was He Who willed that Mary be so close to Him, so bound up with His own plan and His own work. He surely wanted to establish what all true Christians have always taken for granted: that Mary is the most powerful pleader with God they can enlist in the needs of their bodies and souls.

5.

Mary is truly and really the mother of all Christians.

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The opposition: The truth that Mary was destined and designated by God to be the mother of all Christians is so intimately bound up with all the other revealed truths concerning her that the denial of any one of these leads to a denial of her office of mother of men. This is one more proof of the interconnexion between all Catholic truths. If you deny one, you have to deny many others and ultimately the whole harmonious structure of Catholic belief. If, on the other hand, you grasp one truth clearly, it will lead you to a group of many others and in the end to a grasp of the unity and harmony and beauty of all the revealed truths.

Those who deny that Mary was meant by God to stand in the relationship of spiritual mother to all men, will have first denied other truths about her. They will have said that she was not really the mother of God at all. Or they will hold that God did not endow her with certain privileges and favors, such as her immaculate conception, her perpetual virginity and her assumption into heaven, which, if they were granted to her, were obviously meant to enhance her influence over other human beings. Or they will have denied the clear fact of Mary's intimate association with her divine Son in the work of redeeming mankind.

Their conclusion is that Mary was intended by God for no office or work other than that of bringing Christ into the world. They maintain that, having done that, Mary should have been left to drop off into obscurity, and to be paid no special attention by the followers of Christ. They sometimes quote a text in support of this view; that in which Christ once answered those who reminded Him that His mother and kinsmen were waiting for

Him by saying that "they who keep God's word were His mother and His kinsmen." They blind themselves to the fact that this was merely a powerful way of stressing the importance of doing God's will, and in no sense a denial and slighting of Mary's importance to Him and to all mankind.

The proof: God revealed His will that Mary should be a mother to all Christians in three ways. First, He did so by selecting her to give birth to Christ, Who is the real, supernatural, eternal life of all human beings who accept Him. By giving Christ to men, she gave them life in a more important sense than even a natural mother is able to do. That is what makes a mother — giving life to a child. That is what makes Mary, according to God's own plan, the mother of all men.

Second, she paid the price that all mothers must pay for the glorious office of motherhood. The price is suffering. God saw to it that she suffered as no other mother before or after her. She was granted a taste of all the sufferings that all other mothers ever endure, and thereby paid the universal price of motherhood. It is simply unthinkable that God asked her to accept all this suffering for Himself alone. He did not need her suffering, and if she had belonged to Him alone, His love would have spared her from suffering. But she was to belong to suffering humanity and for that reason was asked to suffer.

Third: Christ on His cross addressed her as the mother of men. St. John stood beside her as the representative of all human beings. When Christ said to her, "Behold thy son," and to him, "Behold thy mother," He was putting into words what had been intended by God from all eternity, that Mary was to be called and to really be the mother of mankind.

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The effect: Everybody except the waif and the orphan knows what it is to have a good earthly mother. No one ever grows too old to remember what his mother meant to him through infancy, childhood and youth. A good mother is a source of courage, of comfort, of joy, even of undeserved forgiveness, to her children.

God intended that these same effects be experienced by all men who would ever look up to Mary as their mother. They would have courage and confidence because of her nearness and her love for them. They would find comfort in their sorrows in sharing them with her. They would be filled with joy at the thought that someone so

beautiful, so near to God, so concerned about their welfare, could be called upon at any time. They would be prevented from ever taking the last step into despair by the realization that no mother, much less the greatest mother of all, would stop pleading for her most wayward child.

It is these simple truths that combine to force the minds and hearts of all true Christians to look upon and to call upon Mary as their mother. And God Who revealed the truths looks down from heaven and smiles with love on those who do so, saying: "Know ye, that I myself have wished it so."

Phone Pests

A few of the categories of phone-pests who telephone newspaper city desks are listed in the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* as follows:

The Scooper-Duper: That excited individual who telephones with a tip on a "terrific story that is out of this world." It is usually all the way out.

The Lonely Hearts: People who want somebody to talk to. They are rarely luscious dishes with sultry voices but more often dispirited dowagers who will open the conversation with: "Isn't Truman simply terrible?" or "Don't you think we are all drifting into the welfare state?"

The Flight Observers: Those who call to report real or fancied shooting stars, rainbows or other phenomena and are fairly itching to be quizzed.

The "Take-a-pitcher-of-my-night-bloomin'-serious" clan need no further description. And the "*What-was-that-explosion?*" school is composed of those nervous Nellies who are dispatched fluttering to the telephone by anything audible, from the slamming of a door to the discharge of a firecracker.

Sure Thing

A certain Judge's reputation as a miser was well known. One hot summer day, he discovered upon his arrival at the courthouse that he had left some important papers at his home. He dispatched an old Negro porter to fetch the documents.

In an hour the tired, dusty messenger returned with the papers. The Judge fumbled in his pocket and then apologized:

"I'm sorry, George, I thought I had a dime here for you."

"Look again, Jedge," the old fellow replied. "If you ever had a dime there you still got it."



For Wives and Husbands Only

Donald F. Miller

Refusing Baptism to a Child

Problem: A girl friend of mine married a Catholic man, and shortly after her wedding became a Catholic. They now have two children, one the wife's by a previous marriage, and the other born recently to both of them. The latter was baptized at birth, but the former child has never been baptized. The girl maintains that since neither she nor her first husband were Catholics at the time the child was born, she is under no obligation to have it baptized but may permit it to grow up and then decide on a religion for itself. That is not correct Catholic thinking, is it?

Solution: The girl in the case did not become a very intelligent Catholic, nor even a very intelligent parent. A parent, whether natural, adoptive, or through marriage, is bound to try to give to a child everything that is necessary for its temporal and eternal welfare. One who becomes a convinced and practical Catholic knows that the faith he possesses is the most important thing in the world, not only for himself, but for everybody who is in any way dependent on his authority and guidance.

For these reasons, every true convert to the Catholic faith accepts a strict obligation to begin at once to try to effect the conversion of older sons and daughters whom he may have, and to arrange for the baptism and Catholic upbringing of any children who are not yet mature. In the case of adult children, this implies using the means of good example, persuasion, instruction and information and prayer. But in the case of youngsters it means using authority in the same way as it is used to instill good manners and a proper education.

No more foolish principle could be stated than that it is ever lawful for a parent to permit a child to come of age and then to decide on its own religion. If strictly applied, this principle would require that children be taught nothing when they are young, not spelling or arithmetic or good manners and morals, but should be left in ignorance so that they may decide about all these things when they come of age. Parents have the obligation to teach their children, and to have them taught, concerning all the matters that they themselves recognize as important for soul and body.

Motherhood and Mothers

Partners

with

God

Ernest F. Miller

Every woman in the world is given a certain number of years to live. Then she dies. Her body (no matter how beautiful) goes into the ground, temporarily becomes very ugly, finally turns into dust. Her soul goes before God.

During the years that she is allowed (and they are not very many even at the most) before she dies, she has to do something with her time. She cannot just vegetate like a cabbage in a truck garden; nor coast like a wagon going downhill; nor float like a stick caught in the current of a stream. She has to do something. If she does nothing, she will die before her time. That is the way she is made. That is the way all creatures are made by the Creator.

There are many things that a woman can do. She can become a career woman in the sense in which the world uses the word career, centering her life around a business office, the stage, an athletic field like a golf course or a tennis court, a classroom, a factory.

Or she can spend the fruitful years of her life being a mother.

All the careers that women follow have their points. None of them, provided they are honorable, should be depreciated or derided. There are reasons, often cogent, for some women following one career rather than another. Perhaps they do not like the career that has been thrust upon them. But there is no escape. It is their vocation.

Objectively, however, one career can be balanced against the other. One career can be found to be more sublime, more worth-while than other careers. Motherhood is such a career. Motherhood is the greatest of all careers, barring only one—the career of a sister in a convent. And one of the reasons (amongst many others) for the nun's career being greater than the mother's career lies in this that the nun gives up so much and makes so tremendous a sacrifice in voluntarily surrendering the privilege of being a

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mother. No richer kingdom can be abdicated, no finer honor refused. Only the direct love and service of God are towering enough to render the sacrifice of motherhood more sublime than the acceptance of motherhood.

The career of motherhood is an extraordinary career because each time a woman becomes a mother she enters into an immediate partnership with God. Only God should have the power to create. Only God *does* have the power to create. But for reasons known fully only to Himself He wants His creatures to share in that power. He wants His creatures to be His assistants—to prepare the materials and to set up the form that will be a fit and proper subject for the application of His divine breath which is life.

The mother is the first member of this partnership. It is she who is the workshop wherein is carried out this incredible operation. It is within her that God takes up His residence so that He can be near her at all times to help in the molding and the fashioning. His hands are never absent. The new life rests securely on them, growing slowly at their nudge, taking on the marks and notes of a human being at their skilful manipulation. God and mother work together in the miracle of the making of a man.

Some people make furniture; others make machinery; still others make automobiles and airplanes. A few make beautiful pictures and statues. But all these things are perishable. They last for awhile; and they are enjoyed while they last. But no matter how durable the material out of which they are constructed; no matter how much care is exercised in their preservation, in the end they crumble into dust.

Not so with what a mother, in conjunction with God, makes. In her

womb are the seeds of immortality. Her product never dies, that is, never *really* dies. Someday it will throw off its outer garment for a time, the way a walnut sheds its shell after it falls from the tree upon the ground. But the *person* whom a mother begets will last as long as God. A million atomic bombs cannot stop the flow of its existence; nor persecution, nor sickness, nor poverty, nor concentration camps, nor physical dissolution. A hundred million years will pass, and her son or her daughter will still be calling her mother.

Should the mother envy, then, her sister, the worldly actress on the stage whose career is only acting, and who makes nothing more than faces and gestures to denote emotion, and who leaves behind her when she goes only a shadowy memory of the imaginary world in which she played a part? Should the mother envy her sister, the executive in an office whose career is only business, and who makes nothing more than figures in a ledger or decisions involving money, and who leaves behind her when she goes only the dubious compliment that she competed well with men?

These women may be wonderful in their personal perfection, and very close and dear to God. They may be blessed in this that they can dress well, that they do not have to see their figure enlarged out of all proportion by the expanding body of a baby. They may be able to live comfortably and to do what they want because no new life depends upon them.

But no matter how free they are, and important, and well-dressed, and well-paid as a result of the career that they are following, they are in a different class from that of mothers. Mothers make eternal things; these latter, only temporal. Mothers have God as their

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partner in fulfilling the demands of their career; these latter, only the world. A mother should never envy her sisters who are not bound by the responsibility of motherhood. Her sisters should envy her if envy there must be.

The career of mother is in a class all by itself because motherhood means the forging of golden chains of love, each new child causing the mother's heart to expand to proportions vast enough to hold any sacrifice, any pain, any hardship that may come upon her in the bearing and the raising of that child, and yet not moving her to complain or count the cost because the acceptance of trouble and trials is only the proof of her love.

True love is a reflection of God, for God not only has love but is perfect love Himself. His love is like the sun casting out its rays. The rays are a sort of reflection of the sun. A mother's love for her child is a reflection of God. Here again a mother is very close to God. It is difficult for a woman to love a typewriter or golf club or a movie set. It is instinctive, divinely instinctive, for a mother to love her child.

Of course, when motherhood is spoken of as a career, it is not meant that a wife becomes a mother once or twice, say, when she is in her early twenties, and that is the end of it. A career suggests at least a number of years. For a woman whose career is motherhood, it suggests the years during which God found it wise to make her fruitful. If the plan of nature was that her motherhood was to stop after the second child, nature would have seen to it that her ability to have children after the second child would have stopped too. But this is not the case. Motherhood is possible well into the years of middle age.

Selfish and fearful women find this hard to understand and accept. They fail to realize that the joy of helping God create, like all precious and invaluable things, has a price. This price is mentioned in the Bible in the words that God addressed to Eve: "I will multiply thy sorrows and conceptions. In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." Sorrow and pain are the price of the power of procreation. But how small a price when it is remembered how great a treasure it buys.

Selfish and fearful women are reluctant to allow the career of motherhood to be the full-time job of their married life because they do not want the inconvenience that is attached to new responsibilities; because they are afraid that repeated conceptions may be a drain upon their health (as though the possibility of repeated conceptions were not the invention and the will of God); because they desire the toys that the world can give, like all the gadgets of comfort and ease for home and personal use, that are out of the question if the house is full of children who must be supported; because they refuse to accept the embarrassment of a swollen and misshapen body, which embarrassment was so great at the time they carried their first baby that they hesitated even to go to Mass on Sunday lest people see them; because they lack the confidence in God that assures them that both they and their family will be taken care of in the years that lie ahead even though poverty and crowded quarters and sickness and unceasing work are the only current insurance that they have that everything will turn out well in the future.

Many wives forget that a new baby is just as much an object of interest to God as it is to themselves. It is God's

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baby as much as it is theirs. It is God who breathes the life into the inert matter supplied by mother and father. It is God who is not so much concerned about the baby's someday having an automobile of its own, a university education and a superabundance of material things that will accompany it only to the grave and no further.

God creates over and over again (with the mother as His most important helper) primarily for heaven and not for earth. He wants people, millions of people, in heaven so that He can fill them with an unheard of and unbelievable amount of happiness. He understands that they may have to go without automobiles and a new suit or dress every year; that they may even have to be dreadfully poor during most of the years of their life; that they may be laughed at by those mothers who confined their conceptions to the convenient one or two. But that does not change His plan of action. He still wants people for heaven. And He still wants wives to give Him those people through the great privilege and power of motherhood.

And if a mother dies while operating as a partner of God, does she have anything to worry about? Does God abandon His own? Is death the end of everything or only the beginning? Will her children be left without someone to take care of them when God is everywhere, even in the home of children who have lost their mother, and who counts those orphaned children as His very own? Does a mother have her children only for time? Will she never see them and love them and throw her arms around them and kiss them in eternity and for all eternity?

People give up their lives for a variety of causes. They die in wars, in the laboratories of science, while serving those infected with dread disease. If

their death was the result of love of country or of fellowmen, they are not considered inglorious by those who survive. The death of a mother in motherhood is like the death of a martyr. It is a death suffered in the name of and for the cause of God. Nothing could be more wonderful to one who has the gift of faith.

However, no wife need fear death in the act of becoming a mother. She has more chance of meeting death on a busy street corner or while riding on a train or in an airplane. The best doctors in the country will tell her this. If she is hesitant to assume the joy of motherhood because she is afraid that she will die, the death she so fears, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is only a death in anticipation and not in reality. Neither let her fear too much the pain that may accompany the birth of her child. It may be terrible pain; or it may not be terrible at all. Whatever it is, millions, indeed billions of women have endured it before her and not only lived to tell the tale but forgot the pain in the joy that they experienced in the knowledge that they brought a man into the world.

It is too bad that there is so diabolical a conspiracy against the career of motherhood amongst the people of the twentieth century. This conspiracy has gone through society like a miasma polluting the atmosphere above a swamp. It is almost taken for granted that intelligent wives do not become mothers too often. As was said before, once or twice is quite enough. The impression is given that no modern woman can take care of more than one or two and "give the child (or children) what it (or they) deserve to have as it (or they) grows up."

The family portrayed on television as the ideal American family seldom has more than two children. The

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families portrayed in the comic strips seldom have more than two children. When an advertisement in a magazine shows a family making merry over the purchase of the article boomed in the advertisement, the family invariably is made up of mother and father and two children. So it is with the majority of the stories in books and secular magazines. So it is in almost everything that touches the size of the family.

One would be inclined to imagine that most American women had become sterile after the birth of their second child. Of course that is not true. But the abdication of motherhood at the very time in life when nature suggests that it be assumed is a bad sign. It is a sign that the lasting things, the really worthwhile things in life no longer count; at least they don't count for very long — only for the first couple of years of married life; or only once in a rare while during married life.

They are unnatural wives who are not interested in a prolonged partnership with God that has for its purpose the creation of new life. It seems strange that they should not be interested in making as often as they can that which is immortal, that which can be their joy in life and will be their crown in eternity. But no. They are content with the minimum; they have no aspirations beyond the mediocre. And to remain within the realm of the minimum and the mediocre they sometimes commit horrible crimes. They create and destroy at the same time. They take God's hand in their own and then spit upon it and throw it aside as though they wanted it and did not want it, as though they needed it and did not need it at all.

Michelangelo the great sculptor made statues so lifelike that they almost breathed and spoke. He was still

making statues that almost breathed and spoke on the day he died. Young wives? Middle-aged wives? They do not make *statues* that *almost* breathe and speak. They have the power of making human beings that are the very image of God and the heirs to heaven. Why then do they hesitate after so short a time? Why are they afraid?

The mothers who found it a privilege to associate so closely with God in the work of creation as long and as

All is Plenty

A Catholic mother of twelve lively children was being interrogated by a supercilious social worker who obviously didn't approve of the large family.

"How in the world do you have time to care for twelve?" she inquired.

"Well," replied the mother coolly, "when I had one child, he took all my time; what more can twelve do?"

often as God wanted and allowed them to create are the fortunate ones in the long run. They have no shadows pursuing them when they get old, no empty cradles to mock them, no wasted years to haunt and curse them. They were not a tree of life on which hung but one piece of fruit. Their years were full; and all the tears they shed and the poverty they suffered and the comforts they sacrificed at last seem to be as nothing. Their married life was lived in close association with God.

And God is waiting anxiously for them to come home that He might press them to His heart and fold them in His arms. After the greeting and the welcome are over, He will point out their children, living and dead, and they will see them. "Do you mean to say," He will exclaim, "that all these are yours?" He will shake His head.

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"Well," He will add, "they are Mine too. Maybe you did not realize it. But I was with you, doing My part, every minute that you carried these children of yours under your heart. And believe Me! We're going to enjoy *our* children from now on. Throw away any handkerchiefs you may have brought along. You won't be needing them in this place to dry away the tears. Tears are a thing of the past. But first of all let Me show you around heaven."

These are the mothers that we salute on Mothers' Day.

And all those other women whom

God did not choose to grant the gift of motherhood, those wonderful girls and ladies who love God so much and lead such valiant and self-sacrificing lives, we salute also. It may be that because it was not their vocation to have children here on earth, God will give them children in eternity, children by the hundreds—all the ones they helped with charity, all the ones they would have had if God had wanted it so. They too will hear the glorious cry of "Mother!" And it will be directed toward them, as *their* children crowd about them. Nor shall the echo of its music stop forever.

Occupation Housewife

When a woman has to reply 'occupation housewife' to a census taker or pollster, I think she always feels the term is somewhat derogatory, a TV announcer stated recently. Women are inclined to assume a sort of apologetic air when they say: 'I'm only a housewife.' The fact is they should be proud of it. That's the object of all the love stories and romantic movies—to turn a bachelor girl into a housewife. Yet after they achieve that goal, they resent being relegated to the humdrum category of housewife. Something should be done about it. A housewife is one of the most accomplished artisans in our society. If she does her job well, she must be a skilled cook, a nurse, an engineer, an efficiency expert, a party-giver, a psychologist, a community leader, a liaison officer between family, school and church, a glamor girl to her husband and a mother to her children.

Thank You

When he boarded the train, the eight-year-old orphan lad asked the conductor to tell him when they arrived at a certain station. But the conductor forgot, until the train whizzed by that particular town. He immediately signaled for a stop and explained his predicament to the engineer, who agreed to back the train into the station.

All the occupants took the incident in good humor. When the train had returned to the station, the conductor said to the boy:

"All right, son, here's where you get off. This is the station you asked for."

"Thank you very much," the orphan replied, "but I'm not getting off. I'm going as far as this train goes. But Sister told me to be sure and start eating my lunch when we got to this station."

—*Catholic Mirror*

Two Angels on Tour

Louis G. Miller

How things at the United Nations building in New York must look to the angel sent to hover over it, and to a fellow-angel from Africa.

THE angel appointed as guardian of the United Nations Organization has a rather thankless task.

That there is such an angel, we take for granted.

If every individual human being has his guardian angel (of this we are certain), and if cities and nations have their patron angels (and there are many indications of this in Scripture and tradition), then surely the UN has had its angelic protector duly appointed by God.

That this angel has a thankless task is surely self-evident.

He could expect no accreditation from the UN itself, which finds itself unable to give formal recognition even to God. So the poor protecting angel must go about his duties in the vast UN building in New York with an unwanted feeling (if angels can feel that way), knowing that, if his presence in those august halls were made visible, Mr. Vishinsky would surely raise a point of order, and would not rest content until the UN guard had politely but firmly ushered the angelic presence to the door.

The UN angel, however, a fine up-standing specimen from the choir of Principalities, goes about his duties as cheerfully and efficiently as angels might be expected to do.

Frequently some of the other angels drop in for a visit with the UN angel, for the work of the UN is quite a source of curiosity and even of amusement to the angels. The idea of trying to run the world without God strikes them as being like an angel who would try to move the stars and planets off their courses without divine power.

Recently, we are told on the best authority, the patron angel of the continent of Africa dropped in for such a visit, making his way from his post to New York with a speed much faster than that of light. (Angels, you must know, are rather amused at the vanity of humans boasting of new speed records in their jet planes, for they can move so much faster than the fastest jet plane as to make it appear to be standing still.)

The UN angel was glad to show his guest around, and after hovering over the East River, on the bank of which the vast UN building reaches up towards heaven, to get a general view of the architecture, the two angels let themselves drift through the closed glass doors into the huge lobby.

From this lobby tours leave every hour, conducted by one of a large corps of girls from different nations and speaking different languages for the benefit of those who come from all over the world, desiring to see this central clearing house for international affairs.

Our two angels, of course, did not bother to secure a ticket and await their turn; they simply stood in the lobby for a moment, observing the people milling around, and then fell in, invisibly, of course, with a group of

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twenty or thirty American tourists being led by one of the girl guides in her natty grey uniform on the tour.

After an introductory explanation of the plan of the building, and a few well-rehearsed words on the make-up and mechanics of the UN, the girl guide led the way through a thickly carpeted corridor to the first in a series of large halls. The hall itself was empty as they came into the spectators' gallery, looking down upon the semi-circular rows of delegates' chairs, and the speaker's rostrum in front. Everything about the hall was designed with the most elegant *decor*, and from the tourists there came a sigh of appreciation. To our angels, of course, it was ordinary enough, since the smallest and least regarded mansion in heaven is a thousand times more beautiful by comparison.

"This is the Economic Council Hall," said the girl guide, and went on with an explanation of this particular department of the UN, which of course has to do with the coordinating of matters of trade and finance between

nations.

"Tell me," said the African angel to the UN angel, "do these humans accomplish anything in these meetings?"

"Yes, from their own viewpoint, they do," said the UN angel. "As you know, of course, humans are inclined to take the long way around in their deliberations. They talk and argue endlessly, and oftentimes they seem to talk just for the sake of talking, but we have to remember that they are made differently than we are."

"Yes, I know that well. My African savages in their tribal councils do the same thing. But I thought it might be different here. These delegates to the UN are supposed to be very wise, as humans go, aren't they?"

"Yes, I suppose they are. But I've looked in on your tribal councils, and basically I don't think the debate is much different than it is here. Here, of course, it is on a higher level, and they are more polite about it (most of the time, at least), but underneath I think you would find the same motives of nobility and selfishness inextricably mixed up together. Prestige and power are so foolishly treasured by these humans."

"Indeed they are."

"These delegates to the UN are supposed to have at heart the problem: 'How can I make the world a more peaceful and a happier place?' Instead, I'm afraid many of them have as their prime motive: 'How can my country gain more power and prestige?'"

"But they show a certain humility in banding together this way, don't they?"

"I suppose so, but for unworthy reasons in many cases. Would there have been a UN if it were not for the atom bomb? They don't trust each other too far, you can be sure of that. The smaller nations want the protection of

Name Trouble

A man may be so fortunate as to take the world's attitude toward his name and not care very much what it is, how it is spelled or pronounced. The late Jake Falstaff, a columnist on the *Cleveland Press* and author of many books, was such a man. Once he was asked why he wrote under the name of Falstaff, since his real name was Herman Fetzner.

He replied:

"The decision was made after I had been called Fetzler, Fessler, Fetgar, Fletcher, Feathers, Fitzer, Fegster, Fespers and Feldspar. There is relieving novelty in being called Flagstaff, Felstoff, Fogstess and Fatstiff."

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the larger ones, and the larger nations know this is a good way to keep a wary eye on each other. There are high motives among some of the delegates, but I'm speaking of the underlying tone."

During this angelic conversation, the girl guide had been giving her own glowing account of the Economic Council activities, and when she finished, the group of sight-seers moved on to the General Sessions Hall, a tremendous, high-vaulted room, even more luxuriously appointed than the one they had just seen.

The African angel was captivated by a large mural, extending across the entire front wall, and he listened while the guide pointed to it with pride and explained how it had been painted by a famous European artist, and represented the striving of humanity toward better things. Men were pictured as crawling out of caves, looking hopefully toward the sun, prisoners in manacles were shaking off their bonds, and in a confused welter, humans of all classes were pictured as climbing laboriously up a steep plane toward some undetermined goal.

"What are these people on the mural striving for?" asked the African angel.

"Why, for peace and for enough to eat."

"And do they really think these things will make them perfectly happy?"

"Some of them do."

"I should think they would have learned enough about themselves by this time, after 10,000 years, to know better."

"Many of them have forgotten what their fathers learned. Others, in their shallowness, have no desire to remember. One of them who used to be here, quite celebrated among humans, Mrs.

Eleanor Roosevelt, stated openly that she has never had the time or inclination to give any thought to the question of immortality."

"Great heaven! I find that hard to believe!"

"I knew you would. There is much that is strange here."

"What about God in that mural? Surely He can't be left out in any picture of human striving."

"There are some here at the UN who are trying to leave Him out. Others who should know better, try to be neutral. They don't accept God, but neither do they reject Him. In a way, theirs is a worse insult than the insult of those who deny Him altogether."

"I agree. But are they all of this mind?"

"No; some believe in God and honor Him in their own way. But they don't dare be very open about it here, or so they say. If they were, those who pretend to hate God would walk out of the UN."

The African angel shook his head sadly.

Chinese Diplomacy

The traditional courtesy of the Chinese extends even to the rejection of the works of unsuccessful authors by publishers who use the following kind letter to soothe any hurt feelings:

"Your manuscript is stupendous. We have never read a book of such mastery. We are, however, sorry . . . We cannot publish your precious work, for it would be impossible in the future to issue any book of lower standard. Such a book as yours appears only once in one thousand years. We, therefore, return to you your divine work, begging pardon for our unkindness."

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"A very curious state of affairs," he said. "How can they expect to accomplish anything for the peace of the world if they leave out the God who made the world?"

"I don't really know," said the UN angel. "The irony of their attitude seems to escape them. In the basement there is a bookstore where all manner of books and pamphlets on the nature and accomplishments of the UN are sold. There you will find accounts of what the UN has done, what it hopes to do, what it dreams of doing. But in all these hopes and dreams and activities you won't find any mention, not even a passing mention, of God."

The African angel looked very sad. "The human race is in much worse shape than I thought," he said. "How long do they expect God to hold back His avenging hand, if they continue to ignore Him?"

But to this the UN angel made no answer.

"Come with me," he said, and in a trice the two angels stood again in the main lobby before the door of a small room opening insignificantly off a far corner. The lobby was filled with people, hurrying back and forth, many of them looking very important with bulging brief cases; others mere tourists, gazing idly around.

"This little room" said the UN angel, "is known as the prayer room."

"I don't see anybody using it," said the African angel.

"And you would see very few if you were here all the time, as I am. Tourists glance at it, but it really isn't very

much to see."

They entered and stood in the back of a small enclosed space, perhaps twenty feet long, with a few chairs facing the front, where there was a small table on which was a potted fern. There was nothing else in the room at all except a register on a small table at the door.

"Tell me," said the African angel, "what does the fern represent?"

"As nearly as I can figure out the strange workings of the human mind," said the UN angel, "it is a way of expressing a mental attitude. For those who profess not to believe in God, it is a suitable decoration. For those who do, it is a sign of life, and since life comes from God, this is their curious way of paying indirect homage to Him."

The African angel stood quietly with folded wings. For an angel, it is not difficult to pray anywhere, even in the UN prayer room.

"Do you think there is much hope for humanity?" he finally asked.

The UN angel sighed.

"Sometimes I think they are going backward instead of forward. Perhaps the future of the human race lies with your simple, unspoiled Africans."

"You may be right. There are many visiting angels in Africa who tell me that. They hold that God is going to allow these humans here in America and Europe to blow themselves up as a punishment for their pride."

But as to that, of course, even the angels do not know. They can only speculate.

Some people who say "My photographs don't do me justice" don't really want justice—they want mercy.

Safe Worker

This They Believed

FRANCIS M. LEE

This is what men had of Christianity in the year 1500. Here are the reasons for what they had. Ask yourself boldly: Who has it today?

I AM Paul Fremont, chair of Chemistry at the Sorbonne University here in Paris. Frederick, our Mary's husband, is here tonight. He holds a teaching post at Bologna. My youngest son, Harold, is down from Oxford for the holidays.

At midnight we begin the year of our Lord, one thousand and five hundred. 1500 A.D.

We think that we have something to say.

We want to explain the world that we are passing on to you. It is a Christian world, but there are murmurings on the continent tonight. And the murmurings are fed by those who would benefit by the destruction of Christian unity.

This is the western world of civilization. We shall call that world Europe, although it does include much more. It is a Christian world. The stamp of Christ is on it, from the infant baptized five minutes ago, to the soaring cathedrals that pierce its skies. It is not a Christianity set adrift, but a Christianity alive with the abiding presence of its Master, Who promised to be in His Church until the end of time. From shore to shore, this is the only Christian Church. Therefore, He must be in this one. We lay that down as evident and fundamental.

In every baronial hall, one finds the portraits of the ancestors. They hang there so that grandson and great

grandson, etc., may compare the jut of his jaw with the jut of the ancestral jaw, and know that he is in the right house. We are going to hang a portrait for you, a portrait of Christianity as we know it and love it and prize it tonight. So that you may know if you are in the right house. You need only compare the lineaments of your Christianity to the lines we shall set down.

But where to begin? Shall we tell you just how we went about saying the Hail Mary, the Our Father? No, we must not render our task hopeless, nor your reading endless by a bog of details. Instead, we shall cut through, and insist where the Master insisted, drive where He drove. At once, then, to that prime doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. Here He insisted, and here He drove.

I wonder if any hapless future generation, any one hapless individual, will ever have to live without the Eucharist? Mark it well, he will not be a Christian! He will have left Christ! A church without the Eucharist is a church that has seen fit to leave the Son of God.

Here, of course, we lay no claim to originality of thought or words. The Master, Himself, coined the phrase, "Will you also leave me?" Go back in mind to the day on which He promised us the Eucharist. The stage had been set on the previous day, when thousands of people had left Capharnaum to follow Him out into the desert. There they sat, and listened, and forgot their hunger. But He did not forget. He worked a miracle to feed them.

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He blessed a few fish and some bread until there was too much food for only six or seven thousand people, so the remnants were gathered into twelve baskets.

And the next day, that crowd followed Him out again. Followed Him with a light heart, for this Man could really take care of them. Even by a miracle. But this was the day that the Master had chosen to speak to them of a Bread, of a miracle, of which no man had dreamed. He turned to them.

"I am the Bread of Life. He that cometh to Me shall not hunger."

The crowd faltered. Had they heard Him rightly? If they had not, His next words cleared the air completely:

"I am the Living Bread that came down from heaven. He that eateth this Bread shall live forever."

Ah, now they understood. They understood, and they wrestled with the implications. Rather, they strove against the cold fact. "How can this Man give us His Flesh to eat?" they asked one another. They lifted uncompromising faces to Him. In turn, they were treated to the most uncompromising sentence that ever fell on human ears:

"Unless you eat My Flesh, and drink my Blood, you shall not have life within you!"

The bridges were burned. Christ knew what would happen in the next five minutes if He kept up that doctrine. These people could have been the staunch heart of His young Church, and He knew that He would lose them all if He did not retract. Instead, He drove it home mercilessly. "Unless you eat My Flesh . . ."

The Scriptures, in unerring simplicity, sum up the crowd's reactions.

"And they went back, and they walked no more with Him."

He let them go. Everybody could

go, but the doctrine stayed! Even His first Pope had to make up his mind, and so He turned to Peter, the dear, the loyal, the blundering one. He set to Peter the question that He still sets to everyone who would ever call himself a Christian.

"Will you also leave me?" Will you accept the Holy Eucharist, or will you leave Me? There is no middle way.

We are not interested tonight in Peter's glorious answer: "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life?" We are interested in the portrait of a genuine Christianity. The first irrevocable stroke of the brush is done. Look to the canvas, and remember that if you do not have the Eucharist out there in the future centuries, you have not Christ! If you have left off the Eucharist, you have left off the "words of eternal life." You have left off Christ, and some mere human spirit guides you. Both shall fall into the pit.

We mean no unkindness. We are only as uncompromising as the Master.

And now we hesitate. The field of doctrine is so great, and we must choose the most essential for the scope of the document that we edit tonight. Shall we give place on these pages to the sacrament of penance? We hesitate, for surely, no sincere man, knowing the misery and remorse of sin, shall ever countenance any least effort to remove from his life that divine machinery of mercy — the confessional. But will the insincere tear this sacrament out of Christian lives? That picture we can fathom. Confession, if it is not to be counterfeit, demands and involves the complete renouncing of sin, its works, pomps, and occasions. The insincere, who would counterfeit their sorrow for sin, will hail the day when the confessionals are ripped out of every last church. If there is no confession, there will be no need of what

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is called the firm purpose of amendment; no need of being sorry enough to quit the sinning.

So, we shall simply say that we do have the confessional here at the turn of this century. We have it for the same reason that we have the Eucharist. The Founder dug it into His foundations.

It happened on the first Easter morning. The Master had returned from the dead to launch forth His young Church. He is going over the blueprints with His apostles, who must carry this gospel to the world. He speaks to them:

"Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."

Rather clear, we think. The Son of God is creating a system whereby we could not only confess our failures, but also hear and know His forgiveness of them. Of what avail to cry to the mountains our sorrow for sin, unless the mountains can cry back an absolution? To us, this sacrament is the triumph of the sacramental system, wherein God deals with us as we so intimately are — clay creatures of the senses, living by the things that we can see and hear and taste and touch. The sacraments take the guess-work out of our relations with the Creator. You did not have to guess that your baby was being baptized. Christ was there with the water so that you could see the child being baptized amidst the flowing outward sign. You do not guess that you are married. You heard your spouse pronounce the contract. Thus with all the sacraments, ever explaining to our eyes and ears what is going on underneath.

We appreciate this kindness and thoughtfulness of our God. We feel complacently assured by these out-

ward signs, such as the water in baptism, the words in the marriage vows, the chrism in confirmation; but about one sacrament there is no mere complacency, and that sacrament has to do with the confessional. Here we WANT that outward sign, namely the words of absolution. We WANT to KNOW! We want to HEAR ourselves being forgiven of these sins that carry in them the seeds of eternal damnation. We want God to tell us that they are erased forever. Yes, you will find a confessional niche in our grandest

Engineer

St. Basil compares man's soul to a ship. A ship may be all ready to launch out into the deep, to brave the wildest waves. It may be fully equipped, have a wonderful crew, and the latest of modern furnishings. It may ride peacefully at anchor, calling forth admiration from onlookers, but it will never go into action unless the power is turned on by the hand of the engineer. In the soul of man this is done by the Holy Ghost. He is the Motive Power for all good.

Sponsa Regis

cathedrals here in the fifteenth century, and you will find a confessional niche in the lowliest chapel of our hamlets. We want them. And we do testify that we have them tonight, we the original and only Church of Christ do confess our sins in the sacrament of penance, as our forefathers have for the last fifteen hundred years. We do testify to all following generations that the confession of sin is essential and obligatory. We do testify that a Church without recognition of the confessional cannot possibly be the true Church of Christ. Look to yourselves, Christians of the future!

The portrait takes shape. Let it stand thusly. We hurry on to set it in

its frame. Picture-frames have a double purpose aside from ornamentation. On the one hand, they ward off injuries to the picture. On the other hand they define and set limits to the picture. We shall hang our portrait of Christianity of the fifteenth century in just such a frame, a frame that defines and limits the meaning of each doctrine, a frame that protects that doctrine from all heretical assaults from the outside. We speak of the authority of the Church, vested primarily in the Rock, Peter and his successors. Therein is the strong frame for His doctrine.

Yes, we are subject in spiritual matters to the Pope. The fifteenth century knows no other Head of the visible Church of Christ. He is the direct successor of St. Peter. His commission comes from the Founder.

We remember that Peter's name had been Simon. Here is the way in which the Master changed that name.

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church."

(Actually, the word 'peter' does mean 'rock' in both Latin and Greek.) Thou art the rock, and upon you I will build My Church.

Further blueprints: "I will give you the keys of the kingdom. Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven."

"The keys . . . and whatsoever thou shalt bind. . . ." Here Christ is giving the complete right and power to sit in judgment, to execute the laws of the Church.

"Going forth, baptize all nations, instructing them to do all things, whatsoever I have commanded you."

"Instructing them. . . ." The power and the right to teach.

"I shall be with you all days even to the consummation of the world, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against you."

"I shall be with you." . . . I shall not allow you to make a mistake whenever you speak officially about my doctrine. I shall guard that doctrine. So I am giving you papal infallibility. If error could ever prevail, then hell would be prevailing. "And the gates of hell shall not prevail . . ."

The frame is set, set forever. Ready for the portrait.

And yet, there are murmurings on the continent tonight. In what quarter will come the first attack? Will they rise up against the Papacy? Will they attack the Rock, the authority? But then, who will be their authority? Who shall provide the frame for this new picture of Christianity? Who shall guard the doctrines? Shall every man be his own authority, defining and determining, at whim, these sacred truths for which the Master died? And where would it all end? A lion in the streets. Destruction at the gates. And will they really think that the Master would so painstakingly and deliberately plan the organization of his Church and doctrine, and then go off to His heaven, throwing the blueprints to the claws of heretical wolves?

Perhaps, in days to come, lesser men will be at the helm of Peter's Barque? Grave weakness may be found in the heart of one who is dedicated, by Holy Orders, to the things of God? Will the attack thus come from within? But have we not already seen such men and such days? And did we not remove the men, through the channels of proper authority?

But we never thought to change the authority on account of some individual's weakness or treachery; we never thought to change the doctrines any more than a government would change its constitution because one of the tax collectors took a bribe. Such a way lies madness. Oh, will any one of you

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future Christians ever think to change the Master's tried, sacred, sanctifying doctrines and sacraments because some ordained human being or other did not administer them correctly? Will you destroy the Eucharist because an unworthy one distributed it?

We try to picture our lovely cathedral of Notre Dame bereft of all that makes it lovely to us. No Presence on the altar. No sacrifice of the Mass each morning. (Why, even the pagans know enough to sacrifice something to their gods.) No fountain of grace springing from the recesses of the confessional to cleanse and revivify our helpless sin-ridden souls. No priest to rise in that pulpit to tell us exactly what God meant by this passage and that verse in the Scriptures; imagine, a priest afraid lest we differ with him and build our own cathedral across the street, wherein to trumpet forth our own interpretations of the Bible! And, then, what if my five sons disagree with me? Lackaday! Five more cathedrals? Five more trumpets? And all blaring out the truth! Imagine five different truths about whether or not the Master is present in the Eucharist!

But perhaps my sons and I shall come together and agree that each and all are equally right! ?? My son, Harold, preaches that there is no Real Presence whatsoever; my son, Rene, blares forth there is a "sort of Real Presence;" my son, Luther, talks on about a "commemorative bread" (whatever that may be!); I can't quite decide just what my youngest son does hold, and even I am beginning to find a little difficulty in explaining to my flock just exactly what the Master meant besides and instead of "This is My Body," when He said "This is My Body." However, we all agree that Christ is living in each of our churches, guiding us and keeping us from error.

How evil a day that would be, with nothing left of the old religion but the hymn-books (well censored, of course), and I in my pulpit, prattling on with my confused picture of this Christ, Who cannot make up His mind just what He does want us to believe!

But it grows late, and we have talked and written until the dawn is in the sky.

The portrait that we have painted for you is crude. It lacks the nuances, the lights and shadows of genius. But

Deferred Settlement

An irreligious farmer wrote a letter to the local newspaper, pointing out that he had tried an experiment with a certain field, which he ploughed, planted, cultivated and harvested on Sundays.

"I have more bushels to the acre from that field than any of my neighbors have this October," he concluded triumphantly.

The editor printed the letter, adding just one short comment:

"God does not always settle His accounts in October."

it will do. Study it well, grandson and great grandson, and be sure that you are in the right home, the home of your ancestors, the home that is the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. This, our greatest treasure, we bequeath to you. Do be proud. You have come from a race whose mothers have led their little children to the executioner's block in the name of that faith. Proudly they died for it. Proudly we live for it.

Never apologize. You have the truth, and it is vile to apologize for the truth!

Hold high that torch! Go forward bravely! We shall be waiting.

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Until our eternities mingle,
Frederick Brixton
Paul Fremont
Harold Fremont.

Author's note: Near the middle of the nineteenth century, a certain Marquis de Ripon was selected by a masonic group in England to give himself over to a deep study of the early Christian Church. He was then to write his findings in a document that would crucify the doctrine and person of Cardinal Newman, the great English convert to the Catholic faith.

The Marquis, being himself a Grand Master of masonry, willingly undertook the task. He went to Rome, and buried himself in the history of the early church. Eight months later he returned — a Catholic! He had this to write:

"No person of intelligence can study the history of the beginnings of Christianity, and fail to perceive that the true Church of Christ must have the Rock, the Tabernacle, and the Confessional!"

We rest our case.

"The More You Get . . . !"

The history of the American Way of Life is a history of persecution, states *Information*. To prove this these facts are cited: The American economic system has made it difficult for us to have more than one car to a garage.

It has made it hard to have a TV set upstairs and down.

It has abolished the old iron stove, the washtub, the wooden icebox, the horse and buggy, the kerosene lamp and the magic lantern.

We have been restrained in our pursuit of more than two semi-annual Florida vacations per year, the two-day week, better world-tour literature, bigger road maps, larger dance halls and more goose feathers in mattresses.

The American system has denied to us a station wagon in every family, government baby-sitting, federal distribution of swimming pools and weekly repair of TV sets at state expense.

It has supplied us with only fifty times the security protection and help which our forefathers were afforded.

These injustices being apparent, we solemnly declare all men free and discontented and entitled to a mediation board in every hassle.

Little Churches

It depends upon the family whether the Church is to be saved in a country or destroyed. The Church as a whole has, it is true, the promise that she will never succumb to the end of time. But this promise is not made to every province of the Church. Whether in a given land the Church is to abide depends not on external things, not even on whether church buildings and convents are destroyed, nor even in the last resort on the ecclesiastical hierarchy, but upon this, that the men and women who have administered to one another the sacrament of matrimony, from the grace of this sacrament transform their families into little churches. That—no more, nor less—is in this hour the one thing needful.

Catholic Family

NOT ONLY BREAD

In Brazil— the staff of life is FARINHA

Joseph D. Elworthy

DID you ever wake up in the morning after having dreamed that all bakeries in town had closed down and that all the wheat in the country had gone sky high in a series of explosions of grain elevators? What a nightmare that would be; and, what is more, what great changes that calamity would demand in our eating habits. To some it will come as a distinct surprise to learn that many other peoples of the world do not hold bread in such high esteem as we do.

I was talking to a missionary from Siam the other day. He informed me that he had not seen bread in his little mission for over six years. That is how long he has been in that country. Rice is the staff of life in Siam; in fact, the word "to eat" in the Siamese language means literally "with rice".

In the Amazon region of Brazil I found that bread while appreciated is not on the *required* list as it is in our American homes. Wheat does not grow in the hot humid climate of the equator. What flour does appear in the interior of the Amazon jungles must come either from southern Brazil, which is two to three thousand miles away by boat, or it must be imported from Europe or the United States or from more southerly neighbors of Brazil. This fact alone places bread in the luxury class, for the inhabitants of the jungle are terribly poor. You figure it

out. The ordinary workingman makes thirty cruzeiros a day. That is about seventy-five cents according to the present exchange. The smallest loaf weighs about three ounces and costs one cruzeiro; a loaf weighing about a pound will cost four cruzeiros. In the average Amazonian family there are six to eight mouths to feed. If each member of the family is to get a mouthful of bread during the day, it would take a good third of the wage-earner's salary to supply just this one item of food. The poor who dwell in cities and towns will manage a bite of bread for their breakfast, while those who live in the jungle will have to resort to other means to break their fast.

The Brazilian substitute for bread is *farinha*, or from the other viewpoint, Americans eat bread in place of *farinha*. *Farinha* means flour, strictly speaking; any kind of flour. But today the word alone means the flour of the mandioca or macacheira root—just that and nothing more. But, I hear you ask, what does this farinha look like? Well, it looks something like cornmeal or, in its grosser form, like chicken feed. While it is aging it develops a rancid oily odor. To an American it strikes the palate at first like fine gravel, tasteless and hard. Then to the constant eater thereof it assumes the taste of grapenuts, and finally, mmm—not too bad!

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Senhor Amazonense and his family eat *farinha* at breakfast with their coffee. They take it at dinner with their fish. A mid-afternoon snack may well consist of a banana with—*farinha*. And again in the evening if they are so fortunate as to have what we used to call supper there will be more fish, usually boiled, and *farinha*. When the neighbor is sick, Dona Maroca prepares the *mingau de caridade*—*farinha* boiled in water. The resulting concoction is a gray, starchy-looking liquid. Far out in the jungles when times are hard and food is scarce, *chibe*—cold water and *farinha*—is the stop-gap. One of the first funerals I attended was that of Senhor Pedro. He was a wizened little creature, in his middle sixties, but it was said of him that he would spend the day in the fields, working away at his small crops, sweating under the hot sun, bent double over his hoeing and planting, his only nourishment a handful of *farinha* and a jug of water left to cool in the shade of some tree. How he and no doubt many others before and after him could do that is one of the many mysteries of the jungle.

The fisherman on his lonely trips carries his little bucket of *farinha* along with his pot of coffee. Travelers in canoes and motor boats along the great and small waterways lay in a supply of this precious food before embarking on their journey. Chiquinho and Raimundinha carry a small packet of it on their way to school for their mid-morning lunch. On picnics it is an essential. On big feasts days there is a special preparation called *farofa*. Into the *farinha* goes an egg or two and chopped dried fish or meat or, if one is fortunate, the ground innards of a chicken, the gizzard, liver, and heart. This dish, served warm, is perhaps the easiest to learn to like. The *farinha*

basket is the first thing the little *caboclo* learns to raid as his American counterpart raids the cookie jar. In the boarding school at Coari the Sister Superior kept all the *farinha* under lock and key right in her own private room.

It is easy to see that *farinha* and the buying thereof looms large on the economic horizon. Fortunate is the family which, by its own industry, can take care of that item of food. It is a long process, the making of *farinha*. First of all there is the search for suitable land. The high ground is usually too hard and without any of the necessary chemicals. The low ground along the river is naturally the most fertile but is subject to the yearly floods of no mean proportions. After choosing the appropriate spot, Senhor Rocioiro gets out his trusty machete, or in Portuguese "terçado", and with his able-bodied sons, and perhaps his wife, he literally flails away into the forest—down go the trees and the jungle undergrowth which is thick and tangled with the trees. Slowly a black hole is carved out of the green mass of the forest. The leaves, the bushes, the weeds, and the grass lie in the hot sun until one day with a precious match Senhor Rocioiro lights a great conflagration. For days the blaze and smoke rise to the heavens. Then when the ashes have cooled, the man and boys move in to chop up and remove the bigger logs that remain unburned. Now the field is ready for planting. Shoots from last year's crop are planted in rows about a yard apart. The first stage is over.

As the plants begin to grow Senhor Rocioiro has to keep a sharp lookout for the *sauva* ant. This is a large insect with a natural pair of scissors projecting from its head. These ants live in colonies in burrows and tunnels underground. They infest the Amazon valley and are one of the biggest drawbacks

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to agriculture in a region that should otherwise be a paradise for plants.

There are several methods of ridding the fields of these pests; none is truly effective. One method is to pour boiling water through the ant tunnels, thus drowning the inhabitants. Another is to blow fumes from a burning mixture of arsenic and sulphur through the nests, thus smothering the little creatures. The first of these methods is backbreaking and the latter is expensive. The ants attack just one of the two species of *farinha* plant, the *macacheira* or sweet root, and not the *manioc* or bitter root. It is a strange sight to see these ant armies of destruction on the march. They go in single file, climb the plant and strip off a leaf at a time, and then each one returns home carrying a bright green leaf fifty to a hundred times bigger than itself.

The *farinha* plant takes about a year to mature. At times it grows to a height of six feet or even more. From time to time during the long year of waiting, Senhor Roceiro, his wife, and the children will take a jug of water and a parcel of *farinha* and head out into the jungle to the site of their *roca*. There they will spend the day hoeing away the weeds that have sprung up beneath the plants. It is hot work and back-breaking for the inexperienced.

Comes the harvest. Out come the roots—big, heavy, weighing at times as much as three to five kilos (six to ten pounds). These are carried to the *farinha shed*. Some are soaked in water, in a canoe that has been nearly sunk and tied securely to shore. The gunwales keep any curious fish

from nibbling. Then the family strips the thick skins off the roots; the roots are chopped fine and the water is pressed out of them. The resulting mass is put into a big roasting pan that is perfectly round, from five to eight feet in diameter and about a foot high. Senhor Roceiro stands by the fire with a large paddle in his hand and moves the *farinha* mass back and forth in the pan while it slowly roasts brown. When it is done, the *farinha* is placed in baskets made of fibre with large interstices and lined with a certain kind of leaf from the jungle. Now the *farinha* is ready to eat.

The sweet root or the *macacheira* has other purposes also. Boiled, it can be eaten with coffee. Cakes, heavy and soggy are made from it; also a sort of bread in the shape of a pancake, white, and with the rough appearance of a bathtowel. Before roasting the pulp of the root, starch can be taken from the mass—this can be used for ironing purposes or even for baking. Tapioca is also a by-product of this root.

The *manioc* root, or the bitter root, in its natural state is poisonous. The water that is pressed from it must be put in a safe place. This root can be eaten only after it has been roasted. Wild Indians discovered this fact centuries before the white man came with civilization.

To many a foreigner in the Amazon valley it remains a mystery why the Amazonians are so attached to their *farinha*. It is good to remember that Amazonians in their turn are shocked to hear that some Americans eat such exotic dishes as snake steak or even something more common like froglegs.

"Taking a cold bath on a cold morning is a mental stimulant," says a physician. Anyone who will take a cold bath on a cold morning is very much in need of a mental stimulant.

O. Miller

Pre-Marriage CLINIC

Donald F. Miller

Marriage of Paralytics

Problem: We have a very good friend who would like to get married. He is thirty years old, very intelligent, and a wonderful personality. However, he is a paraplegic, and is paralyzed completely from the waist down. This, of course, rules out the possibility of his ever having children, and even of his ever being able to make use of the marriage right. The girl whom he wishes to marry knows all this and is willing to marry him just to be a companion to him and to take care of him. His pension is sufficient to support them both. But the hitch is that the parish priest refuses to permit the marriage, saying that it would be invalid. Surely this cannot be the teaching of the Church, can it? Must this man be deprived of the help and companionship of a wife just because he is paralyzed?

Solution: The parish priest quoted correctly not only the doctrine of the Catholic Church, but also a principle of the natural law. The very essential feature of a true marriage contract is that the man and woman grant to each other the right to those actions that are designed by the Creator for the procreation of children. In the case that an individual is for any reason permanently incapable of taking part in the marriage act, this person cannot validly make a true marriage contract. No one can make a contract to do something that he is actually incapable of doing.

While capability for performing the marriage act must always be present for a valid marriage, this does not mean that those who marry are bound to use the right that has been given them in marriage. A couple may validly marry, thereby giving to each other the right to the acts necessary for procreation, and then they may mutually agree (like the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph) never to use the rights they have given to each other. But even in this case physical integrity must be present to start with. And, of course, only the highest spiritual motives and intense spiritual living can make possible the mutual renunciation of the privileges of marriage.

THIS COCKEYED WORLD

Definition:

Cockeyed — **adj.** 1. having a squinting eye: cross-eyed.

2. **Slang.** twisted or slanted to one side. 3 **Slang.** foolish; absurd. (**The American College Dictionary**)

ARTHUR B. KLYBER

WHAT is a mystery? One definition is: "A mystery is something that I can't understand." But perhaps a more inclusive definition is that "A mystery is something about which one is in the dark," since it is possible to understand something about which I don't know everything. If the mystery concerned is a murder-mystery, people will revel in its bloody details, and will actually enjoy their ignorance as to "who dunnit." Oppositely, however, many people when in the dark about the why and wherefore of some pain or sorrow, are mystified to the point of blasphemy or despair.

Godless men and women are among the first to step into the jaws of this trap. They damn their pains and stew in them — worse off than the monkeys whom they claim as distant relatives. Sometimes, too, a bullet in the brain is a godless man's solution of the problem of pain. Now all this happens because people who acknowledge no God, live in a *cockeyed* world. We are indebted to the cock, the male of the barnyard, for this familiar adjective. You must have observed that a cock looks at things with one eye: so one-eyed that we wonder whether he can see three-D.

The cockeyed godless are represented by a hotel-manager of my acquaintance. As he and I sat chatting in his apartment one evening, his

Catholic lady-friend arrived. After the usual greetings, he lifted her coat almost gallantly from her shoulders, hung it away, and went at once to the refrigerator; — no, not for cocktails but for an orchid, which he displayed to me proudly with the words: "This is for Mary to wear at the dance." The orchid was the first I had ever seen.

"So that is an orchid," I mused out loud as I admired its fragile beauty and tried to touch it.

He withdrew it quickly and warned: "If you touch it, it will fade."

I examined the orchid more closely for a couple of seconds, and then observed: "How wonderful God is in His creations."

To Mary's confusion and mine, her friend's face flushed very red, while with an angry full-armed swing toward the world outside he sneered: "Ye-e-e-s; and did your God create all that suffering, poverty and war and death out there too?"

That is what we choose to dub a *cockeyed* view of pain and sorrow. This hotel-manager, otherwise normal and clever, cursed God for the sorrows of men, but denied Him praise for the wonder that was the orchid. His is the group who point sneeringly to the dead and the groaning on our battlefields or in torture-chambers, while remaining stupidly blind and dumb about the

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millions who were not killed or maimed, — to whom God continues to give life to struggle for better things. His lip curls in disdain when he sees a veteran hobbling along on crutches or a child in an iron lung; but, as to the health God has given him to play his weekly round of golf; — as to the solid comfort of his hotel-apartment, and the security of a fat pay-check, he is as dumbly ungrateful as a pig.

In the sick minds of such people, God alone is the wrong-doer. Looking at the world through cockeyed glasses, they condemn God for His mosquitoes and rattlesnakes, but are careful not to mention that the *poison* of these creatures can cure paralysis — can stop excessive bleeding and can be used in the treatment of asthma and epilepsy. Yes, they damn the God of tornadoes that wreck cities and kill people, but never praise Him for the sunshine and warm rains that sprout endless acres of golden wheat and tall waving corn. They may sneer when a baby is still-born, but they hold their tongue about the thousands of babes whose hold on new life brings almost inexpressible joy to people everywhere.

In the crippled logic of such cock-eyed prattle, God is supposed to be wicked and cruel because He lets people suffer. Well then, He must be very kind too, since it is evident that His blessings outnumber and outlast all suffering and sorrow. Still, how can God be so cruel and kind at the same time? *If God is not totally good He is no God and no good*; but being totally good He withholds from mowing down His puny critics in their smelly pride; and this also is one of God's mercies that their cockeyed vision overlooks. "Wicked men . . . looked upon the Almighty as if He could do nothing." (Job 22:15, 17) Says the Wise Man: "Neither shall king nor tyrant inquire

in thy sight about whom thou destroyest." (Wisd. 12:14)

What now about critics of God, who really do believe in Him? Though they appear able to shoulder the run-of-the-mill, work-a-day troubles, any unusual weight of affliction almost annihilates their belief in God. Are you one of these? Paralyzed mentally and emotionally by sorrow, they begin to fire questions at God.

In the last world war, a young woman whose husband was busy completing his bombing missions over Japan, asked me petulantly how God could be so cruel as to let people kill each other in persecution and war. "How can a merciful God let me suffer this way? What have I done to deserve this? What's the use of being good if this is what you get for it? There is Mrs. So and So; she went into her church and bowed her head and prayed; but what's the sense in that? Am I supposed to smile and thank God for killing my husband? I believe in God," she ranted on, "and I guess I always will. If He brings my husband back to me I'll honor Him for the rest of my life, but if my husband gets killed, I'll have nothing more to do with God."

What are you going to say to such people? What does the Divine Scapegoat have to say to them? Jewish and Christian complainers alike, please open to the first book in your Bible and read the answer: "And God saw all the things that He had made; and (He saw that) they were *very good*." Not only good but *very good*. And to us carping little men and women he says through His Wise Man: "This I know, that God hath made men right, but man hath entangled himself in an infinity of questions." (Eccles. 7:30) Believers who haul God Almighty to court to have Him *humbly* explain His

"mismanagement" of the world ought to reflect on God's answers to their anticipated questions: "God is faithful and without any iniquity: He is just and right;" and "has ordered all things in measure, number and weight." "Who will (dare) to ask Thee 'what hast Thou done?' . . . or who shall (dare) to accuse Thee if nations which Thou hast made, perish?" "Before Thee, the whole world is as a drop of morning dew." All this is taken from the Book of Wisdom, inspired by God.

Perhaps, if we permit the Lord of heaven and earth to ask *us* a few questions we may discover what is the spirit behind our criticisms of His plan.

"Gird up your loins," He said to Holy Job, "I will ask you questions, and you will answer Me." "Where were you when I laid the foundations of the earth?" No answer. "Have you been able to show the dawn where to start?" No answer. "Have you ever walked on the bottom of the sea?" No answer. "Have the gates of death been opened to you?" No answer. "Can you send forth lightnings; and will they go, and then return and say: 'Here we are?'"

And Job answered: "What can I reply? I who have spoken without consideration? I will lay my hand across my mouth . . . I have spoken unwisely about things that far exceed my knowledge . . . therefore I reprove myself and do penance in dust and ashes."

In up-to-the minute language — Job said: "I have talked out of turn, like a fool." Those who carp at God are only victimized by their own ignorance of His true nature and by their pride. Although they are not vicious, like the hotel-manager, they seem to think that God once upon a time fell into sin, and that He can be good or bad, merciful or cruel; they think too, that the God who gave us gifts that

please, has no right to limit them or to remove them altogether. Have they forgotten? "If we have received good things at the hand of the Lord, why should we not receive evil (also)?" (Job 2:10) If we are going to call Him God, then we must credit Him with having the *fulness* of wisdom, of holiness, and of mercy, and not merely a part of these attributes. Seeking for light on the mystery of suffering, we must leave the *Person* of God alone. God is always and in all circumstances *right*. "All His ways are judgment" (Deut. 32:4). It is because we do not know the workings of that judgment, that we get confused, chagrined, and sometimes very insulting to God.

Perhaps we ought to say that pain and sorrow are a clash, head-on sometimes, between God's plan and our weakened nature; between God's wisdom and our ignorance; between God's good will and our stubborn will. God is the "man," whose hydrogen bomb is the sun. He can play marbles with earths like ours, and drop a million of them into that sun; that is why we call Him God Almighty as "He maketh Arcturus and Orion and Hyades . . . What am I then that I should have words with Him?" (Job 9:9) Yet His caress is as gentle as that of a doting mother, and His love for us is likewise. Why not trust Him and lean on Him? His Hand has been on the throttle of the vast universe for

Original Cast

Gioachino Rossini, composer of "The Barber of Seville" opera, once was told that his home town was raising 20,000 lire to erect a statue of him while he was still alive.

"Give me the 20,000 lire," he said, "and I will stand on the pedestal myself."

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ages before we little pieces of thought came on the scene. Some of His ways are unsearchable, unfathomable, but only to us — not to *Him*. Why, then, do we treat Him like a fifth-grade boy who needs to be told off, and deserves to be spanked or foolishly expect Him to unroll the blueprint of His world before us for approval?

Suffering is not necessarily an evil thing. An occurrence is evil only when it hinders or stops me from reaching eternal happiness: but only sin is that kind of evil. Pains, sorrows, afflictions are of themselves indifferent: like sharp knives, they can cut us badly or serve us handsomely, according to the way we grasp them. One lesson God wants us to learn from suffering — and maybe it is only one — is the awfulness of disobedience to His known will, which is called sin. Suffering is with us because sin is too. The big important matter is not, "Are my sufferings an

evil?" — but, "Am I evil?" And, if I am evil by sin, then neither the bank balance of a Rockefeller, nor the muscular health of a Joe Louis will do me any real good. Those who understand God's love for His children will humbly admit that either they are righteous and are being tested by their suffering, or are getting less than they deserve; and then their afflictions will reveal themselves as the shadow of the Lord's hand extended over them in blessing.

Christians, however will be strengthened and will feel consolation when they look on the crucifix where pain and anguish, worry and fears, sickness, desertion and death itself are sanctified in the soul and body of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; and, seeing their Saviour gone before them in suffering, they will feel ashamed to wish to enter heaven by any way other than His — the Way of the Cross.

Communist Logic

Americans who think that we can *reason* with Russia will admire the logic of a communist judge in China who recently *proved* to a missionary that the Pope is an American imperialist. First of all he assumed that Americans are necessarily imperialists. He then proceeded with this argument:

"America is designated by the letters U. S.; is that not so?" he asked.

"It is," replied the missionary.

"And doesn't the name of the Pope end in precisely those same letters—Pius?"

"It does," said the priest.

"Then the Pope is an American imperialist."

Paid in Full

The proud mother walked into the EZEE Credit Furniture Company clutching a small monthly payment which she placed happily on the counter.

"Here," she told the clerk, "is the last installment on our baby carriage."

"And how is the baby?" asked the clerk.

"Fine," replied the mother. "He was drafted last week."



readers retort

Topeka, Kansas

"We enjoy THE LIGUORIAN very much, especially the piercing analysis which characterizes almost everything that appears in its pages. I have a question for you. It is not asked in a spirit of idle speculation, but rather in the spirit of a strong desire to know what we must do who wish to follow closely in the footsteps of Christ. The question is this: Is smoking an obstacle in the way of true perfection? Give me the Church's teaching on smoking in relation to Christian perfection. Thank you.

N.N."

If one were to give up smoking purely out of love for God, one would surely be doing something more perfect than if one smoked purely because of the pleasure smoking gave him. However, if a man found that smoking helped him in his work, if it soothed his nerves, if he were able to keep it in moderation and if he did it out of a proper motive, then it could hardly be considered an obstacle to perfection. Of course, it is taken for granted that smoking does not hurt his health. Most of the canonized saints did not smoke. Or snuff either. If their example means anything, it would seem that non-smoking is better than smoking for those who want to become saints.

Rochester, N.Y.

"In reading your magazine for a period of two years, many times I have come across statements such as 'Roman Catholic' and no other 'Catholic' Church. Please set me straight as to which category the 'Byzantine Catholic Church' belongs. I am a Ukrainian Catholic by birth and sometimes

become very provoked by fellow-Catholics who try to tell me that I am a member of the Orthodox Church. I have attended Roman Catholic churches for the past thirteen years, the only Ukrainian church in town being on the other side of the city and too far away for me to attend services there regularly. When my children were born, the priest in the Latin church insisted that I have them baptized according to the Byzantine rite. He said that I would need a dispensation from Rome to have them baptized in the Latin church. Do not misunderstand me. I am not complaining. I just want to be sure that the Byzantine rite is just as Roman Catholic as the Latin rite. I know it is. I want you to reassure me. I'm always in the hope that one Sunday a year will be set aside for a sermon in our churches explaining the different rites within our Church. As to THE LIGUORIAN, I am not a subscriber. But I buy a copy at the church door each month. I am always richly rewarded by what I read. The article 'Birth Control and the Natural Law' was the most superb explanation of that difficult question that I have ever read.

Mrs. L.S."

Byzantine Catholics in union with Rome are just as certainly true Catholics as are members of the Latin rite. In fact, many of the Eastern rites are older than the Latin rite, by which is meant, the Mass was said and the sacraments were administered in Eastern languages before they were administered in Latin. An Eastern rite Catholic is not half a Catholic; or a kind of stepchild of the Catholic Church. He is a full-fledged member, honored and loved by the

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Holy Father and the possessor of a Catholic tradition of which he can be justly proud.

Detroit, Mich.

"I have just received my first issue of THE LIGUORIAN. I think that it is very informative on Catholic matters. I am interested in sending it to the public libraries in Detroit and the suburbs. I have made preliminary contacts with the people who are in charge of accepting or rejecting books and periodicals for the library, and I must admit that they did not take to my idea very enthusiastically. I would appreciate any suggestions that you might offer that would enable me to move these people to accept THE LIGUORIAN. I would also like to know if I would get a reduced rate if I sent into your office thirty or more subscriptions to THE LIGUORIAN.

T.A.C."

If you know someone influential in your community who might move the library officials to accept THE LIGUORIAN for their reading tables, call on this person and explain your case to him. Or call on your parish priest. Tell him what you want done. He might succeed where all others would fail. Reduced rates are always given for multiple subscriptions.

St. Louis, Mo.

"Father Vann may not be 'theologically' charitable, but might he not be trying to imitate Christ who came 'not to save the just?' Father Vann says in effect that if you are in the state of sin, continue to struggle because out of darkness may come light. Remember that if man cry 'hypocrite,' that is only the judgment of men, not of God. We shall not face God's terrible judgment until we die; as long as we live we can enjoy and hope for His infinite mercy. If this encourages any of His weak children to continue to struggle, I prefer to think and hope that it is not 'morally dangerous.' I am happily married, validly married; thus I hold no brief

for an invalid marriage. But I was heartened by Father Vann's message.

Mrs. M.D.C.

The editors of THE LIGUORIAN sympathize with those involved in invalid marriages just as much as does Father Vann or anybody else with a heart in his body. But that does not give us permission to bypass the very clear law of God. There is hardly a text clearer in the Bible than that which condemns such unions. Christ calls people who are a part in them "adulterers." And He says that no adulterer shall enter the kingdom of heaven. Do we know more than Christ? Or would we say that Christ did not quite understand the situation in the 20th century? Or that Christ did not mean what He said when it was difficult for the couple to separate? Christ knew all this. Nevertheless He gave His command. It is cruelty to people to allow them to live in a fool's paradise of false security, and not charity. They should be told to separate. God takes care of His own. He will take care of them. At least He will take care of them to the extent of leading them into heaven and not driving them into hell. These words may seem hard. But they are the words of God.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"With reference to your article on Father Vann I must take issue. I am not a theologian. But I would like to know this. Suppose a couple honestly believes that they are validly married, should they be condemned because of their ignorance? Suppose a couple was stranded on a desert island, and there was no priest present to marry them? Would they be doing wrong if they made their promises to one another and lived as husband and wife? It is my belief that a person cannot commit a mortal sin unless he knows that he is doing wrong.

Father Vann's article was not about people in good faith. It was about people involved in invalid marriages who knew

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that they were involved in bad marriages. The question of the correct procedure in treating those who are doing something wrong and who do not realize that they are doing something wrong is an entirely different problem.

San Francisco, Calif.

"The articles on the martyrs of Japan that appear in THE LIGUORIAN make me physically sick and terribly afraid. Some of the tortures these martyrs suffered were more prolonged than Christ's own death on the cross. To put that thought into writing relieves my mind because it has been haunting me as being almost sinful. Now that I have written it, you can explain to me the right attitude that I should have in the matter. The articles make me afraid because I know that as a Catholic, if the time ever came when I would have to suffer these same tortures or lose my soul, I do not know whether I would be able to accept them. I just about recover from one article on the martyrs when along comes another. I resolve not to read it. But I cannot stay away from it. Then, it haunts me for weeks. Help me if you can.

N.N."

Perhaps it would be better not to read these articles if they cause so great a nervous commotion. There is no obligation to read them. However, this much can be said about the fear of not being able to suffer death in a persecution if death is demanded as a price of faith. God gives whatever strength is needed for any particular emergency. The martyrs were just like ourselves. They were weak and human. But when the time came to die, they got what they needed to die like heroes and heroines. So, we are sure, would it be with our correspondent if God ever asked her to be a martyr.

Flint, Mich.

"I have received two copies of THE LIGUORIAN and I enjoy them very much.

I am a convert. I love the Church. My wife was a Catholic; but I hated the Catholic Church. So, we didn't go to any church. We started to pray. We prayed that God would guide us to the right Church, a Church in which both of us could believe and in which our children could be raised. Then a strange thing happened. I was given a different job. The man I worked with in this new job was an excellent Catholic. We started talking about religion. I gave him a rough time, starting with the pope and going down the list through the sisters and the priests and Catholics in general. He never became angry. Patiently he explained why the stories I told were not true or why they couldn't be true. He then talked me into taking instructions. He is now my godfather; and he is very proud of me. My family and I go to Mass every Sunday; and my children go to the Catholic school. One thing gets me especially. Some of the other men with whom I work are Catholics. They use the most terrible language and tell stories that are dirtier than those told by the worst pagans. The non-Catholics tell me that I made a mistake in becoming a Catholic because these bad Catholics prove what a rotten Church it is. My folks are all Baptists. They tell me the same thing. But I shall remain a good Catholic until I die. And THE LIGUORIAN is helping me to keep this resolution.

J.H.B."

Just as there was a Judas amongst the Apostles, so there are Judases amongst the Catholics of today. These men will have a terrible account to render to God for the scandal they are giving. Do not allow their bad example to weaken you in your new-found faith. Do everything that you can to change these men. If they will not listen to you, pray for them constantly that God may soften their hearts.

Hayward, Calif.

"Re an answer you gave to one of your

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correspondents that God answers every prayer although He may not do so in the way asked, I have a question that has always bothered me. It is known by all that most of the world is sick, persecuted etc. Why does God allow this? It seems to me that either these people are not praying at all or are praying to the wrong God. Another explanation might be that God has chosen these people for suffering in order that they might gain greater merit for heaven. What are your ideas on this subject?

Mrs. J.M."

God allows people to suffer because people have committed sins. If people have committed sin, they will pay for those sins either here on earth or in eternity. It is far better and easier to pay for them here on earth through suffering than to wait until after death. Such is the teaching of the Church. Besides, the Bible says that the disciple is not greater than the master. If Christ suffered, is it not reasonable that we should suffer too if we are to be like Him? You can be sure on Christ's own words that every prayer said will be answered in some way. Perhaps it will not be answered in the way the petitioner desires. But it will receive an answer. And it is very possible that the answer given will be discovered to be more wonderful than the favor that was asked.

New York, N. Y.

"I find that I am unable to accept as a matter of faith the infallibility of the pope. Since I cannot accept it on faith alone, I feel that I must read each and every supposedly infallible proclamation and see if I can accept each one individually. I understand that the means by which I can tell whether the proclamation is infallible or not is to look for the phrase 'ex cathedra' preceding the proclamation. Am I correct in this? I was told recently that no English translations of these proclamations are available. Is this true? I would like to

know where I may find English translations of all papal proclamations for the past two thousand years which are considered infallible. It would be most important to me that all supposedly infallible proclamations be included and that each one be a complete and accurate translation from the original Latin. I would greatly appreciate any help that THE LIGUORIAN might be able to give me.

T.T."

We can think of no better advice to give this correspondent than to suggest to him that he secure the Catholic catechism. In that little book he will find the full dogmatic content of the Catholic Church. If he desires something more profound than a catechism, he can purchase a text book (in English) of dogmatic theology at any Catholic book store. Such a book will have all the infallible decisions of the popes from the beginning of Christianity. However, his main difficulty is not that of being unable to accept each infallible decision as it comes from the pope, but rather the difficulty of being unable to accept the fact that the pope has the power to make such decisions from the words of Christ: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell will not prevail against her." A thorough study should be made of this claim of the Catholic Church—the infallibility of the pope.

Madison, Wis.

"Let this note thank you for publishing such an excellent magazine. I would hate to miss a single copy, and only regret that I cannot afford to send it to all my friends. I like the way you call a spade a spade. There seems to be too much 'broad-mindedness' today regarding moral issues. Many Catholics are willing to compromise their principles to avoid offending the world in which they live. May God bless your work of setting us all straight.

Mrs. M. R."

Every parish has the

Late-Mass Catholics

and some others

Louis G. Miller

"Well now," said Finbar O'Houlihan, "I'll tell you the way it appears to me. Tell me what mass a Catholic goes to on Sunday and I'll tell you what kind of a Catholic he is."

I had finished the last of the Sunday masses and had just come over to the rectory to get my breakfast. Finbar had brought over the collection, and we were passing the time of day on the front porch when a well-dressed lady came up to the door. It was about 12:20.

"Hello, Father," she said. "Aren't there any more masses this morning?"

"No. Our last mass is at 11:30."

"Oh, dear," said the lady. "What will I do? I'm a stranger here, Father, and at our parish at home we always have a 12:15 mass. So naturally I thought there would be one here at that time."

"No. The bishop has a rule in this diocese that no mass can begin after 11:30."

"What will I do?"

"There's not much you *can* do now except plan to get up earlier next Sunday," I said, smiling. "That is, if you're still here."

"I certainly will do that, Father," she said.

We looked after her as she walked away, and that was when Finbar sounded off.

"Yes, sir," he said. "There is a lot revealed by the hours people get up to go to mass."

"Don't pass judgment too readily, Finbar," I expostulated. "That good lady may be a saint, for all we know, and I won't have you say a word against her."

"She may, indeed, and in my remarks, I do not single out any individual for condemnation. I am interested only in general trends. I have for a long time made a study of the matter, and I have arrived at an idea of what kind of people attend which masses. Would you care to hear about it?"

"I'm going to hear about it whether I like it or not," I said, sighing. "So it might as well be over coffee as standing out here in the elements. Won't you have a cup of coffee with me?"

"Don't mind if I do," said Finbar with alacrity. Finbar O'Houlihan, it should perhaps be explained, was my unofficial assistant in things temporal at St. Mary's. He was a bachelor in his fifties, living with his married sister, and at the drop of a hat could offer opinions on any subject known to man.

"Now, then," said Finbar, as the fragrant fumes of Molly's coffee rose between us, "Let us start with the early mass. Who attends the six?"

"Not very many," I said.

"Oh, I don't know. You get about

half a church full. You have some there who have to get to work early, and I give them credit for making the extra sacrifice of an hour's sleep. They're the ones who get nervous when you forget yourself and spend too much time on the announcements. And they were sure on pins and needles this morning when the young priest you had saying mass for you stepped up and unleashed a fifteen-minute sermon on the hidden beauties of the liturgical movement."

"Oh, oh. I forgot to tell him not to preach at that first mass."

"Well, it's all right. Maybe some of them were a little late for work, but they heard a sermon, at any rate, which they don't hear very often at the six. Then you've got the sportsmen, with their fishing equipment or guns or maybe even their golf clubs in their automobiles. I give them credit, too, because there are some, God knows, who think that catching a fish or shooting a duck automatically supercedes mass attendance."

"You're right there."

"And besides we've got to count in the faithful few who always attend the first mass for no special reason except that they are in the habit of getting up early, and it seems natural to them to attend mass right away when they get up. There's Mrs. Mulcahy in her widow's weeds and old Tom Hughes and his wife, and that Polish grandmother with her two unmarried daughters. There are others too, and they're the salt of the earth."

"So far," I said, pouring myself a second cup of coffee, "I find little to criticize in your remarks."

"You will, Father, just wait," said Finbar. "Now we come to the middle masses, at eight and nine-thirty. Here you have the children, of course, spilling in and out of the pews, and what

they will turn into some day, and what mass they will attend, if any, when they grow up, depends on their parents and themselves and the grace of God.

"But also at the middle masses you have the good substantial people of your parish. The Holy Name men and the Holy Family women. The families, coming to church together, the leaders of your societies, and the people you can count on when there's something going on in the way of parish activity. Aren't they the ones, by and large, at the eight and the nine-thirty?"

"In general, I agree with you."

"Of course, we've got to make special provision for the high mass at nine-thirty. Time was when that was the most popular mass of all. Now, such is the hurly-burly of our times that people will go to great lengths to avoid getting caught by a high mass."

"I've noted that."

"It's not the fault of your choir, either. Your choir is all right, barring one or two voices which have outlived their usefulness. It's just that people can't sit still. They want more and more streamlining, even of religion. Oh for the good old days, when the Sunday high mass was the high point of the week."

"Yes, yes," I said, "go on to the last mass." I detected a philosophical glint in Finbar's eye, and thought it better to keep him away from his reminiscences.

"Ah, yes, the late mass. This is the alka-seltzer crowd."

"The alka-seltzer crowd?"

"Yes. They've been up till all hours the night before at the theatre or some night club, and at 11 o'clock Sunday morning they're just beginning to percolate."

"I can't let you make a general judgment on them, Finbar. I don't blame people for sleeping in when they get a

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chance on Sunday, and some of these late mass Catholics are as good, I'm sure, as those who attend the six."

"Sure, sure. Didn't I say there are exceptions to every rule? But I'm taking them as a crowd now, and as a crowd they do have definite characteristics. For one thing, how many of them go to communion?"

"Oh, a few."

"Just a few, out of a crowded church. Now take a Catholic who habitually attends the last mass. How often in a year does such a one receive communion, would you say?"

"Not very often, I guess."

"See what I mean. Isn't this the mass when you have the most trouble with people coming late and leaving early? Isn't this the mass when you always have a group lounging near the door, even when there are seats, waiting to make a quick getaway right after the communion of the mass?"

"I have to admit that."

"That's your late mass mentality for you. I've studied the crowd when I've been ushering, and I know. Another thing about them, you'll notice that quite a number don't use a missal or even a rosary. They appear to be in

church merely by way of punching a time-clock and fulfilling an obligation. Any announcements the priest makes about parish activities go over their heads completely. They aren't interested. Being a Catholic for them means not eating meat on Friday, making their Easter duty, and going to the last mass on Sunday. They don't know any more and don't care to know any more about their faith than that."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," I cried. "Slow down, Finbar. Pull the beam out of your own eye before you tackle the mote in the eye of the late-mass Catholic. You aren't perfect yet, you with that sharp tongue of yours and your non-industrious ways."

"I admit it, Father," said Finbar, and struck his breast with a little too much vigor. "I'm a fine one to be criticizing others. It's time I fettered my tongue and it's also time that I took my leave."

At the door he paused.

"You'll have to admit, though," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "that there's a lot of truth in what I said."

"Get along with you," I said, but privately, I had to admit there was.

Want to Help?

A pastor's dream parish would include the following items as outlined by *Msgr. Joseph A. Durick* of Birmingham, Ala.

1. A not-too-hasty sign of the cross at the holy water font.
2. Genuflections that mean adorations.
3. A traffic jam to get into the front pews.
4. The congregation assembled five minutes before Mass time.
5. A missal in every pair of hands.
6. All minds attentive to the sermon.
7. Collections so velvety that they are noiseless.
8. As many Communion as there are people over the age of reason.
9. After Mass, a church full of thanksgivers.
10. Parishioners with charity, patience and a cooperative spirit.

Teen-Age Problem

Donald F. Miller

Delay of Vocation

Problem: A great deal is written nowadays about the need of religious vocations, especially to the sisterhoods. I will tell you why there is such a need and why there are not enough vocations. It is because so many parents, some of them apparently good Catholics and active in church work, insist on making a high school girl who wants to be a sister wait until she finishes college or until "she is several years older." I am a victim of this parental procrastination. At the end of my high school I wanted to enter the convent. My parents said: "You may go after four more years, when you've finished college." A lot of other girls I know got the same treatment from their parents. Now we are subjected to all the allurements of the world and enticements to marriage. Many of us will never get to the convent. Shouldn't something be said to parents about this?

Solution: There is no doubt that many Catholic parents do have a completely wrong attitude toward the matter of vocations to the religious life on the part of their children. They deceive themselves into thinking that it is only reasonable prudence that motivates them to force (by parental authority) a child to put off the idea of attempting religious life "until they are older and have a better knowledge of what they are doing." In fact, however, they are giving in to the human desire to hold on to the companionship of their children as long as possible. In so doing, they often resist the evident will of God.

Countless vocations are lost, especially in America, because the grace to give up everything for Christ and souls is not seized upon before the world has a chance to exercise all its fiercely competitive lures on the minds and hearts of those whom God needs for His special service. Young hearts can be molded, during the years of postulancy and novitiate, into wonderful instruments of love for Christ and for souls. After things of the world have won some of that love, it is difficult for them to renounce it for Christ.

Two great mistakes are made by parents who make their children put off following a religious vocation. One is that of thinking that a mistaken choice would be irrevocable. On the contrary, it is ordinarily soon found out in the convent itself whether a girl should not be there. The other is that of thinking that to give a daughter to the religious life is to lose her forever. On the contrary, religious sons and daughters remain far closer to their parents than do those who marry.

A Light for Darkness

John Schaefer

The blind man, the explorer, the man inspired by the virtue of faith have all something in common. They walk in the shadows, in darkness, in hope. There is a degree of danger, of adventure, of uncertainty in their steps, in their searchings. But there the similarity ceases. For while the blind man walks always in the dark, the man of faith, in a very real sense, can be said never to walk in the dark. And while the explorer and the man of faith alike will one day achieve the brilliant glory of vision, of discovery, yet in a most real sense, the man of faith can be said to already possess his goal. For there is a brilliance about faith that dispels darkness, there is a certainty about faith which amounts to possession.

As with all the great gifts of God, there is a strange beauty and mystery about faith. We do not, and yet cannot, appreciate it enough. That you might appreciate a bit more this great gift of your faith, we here print a group of stories and incidents, inviting you to read them, to meditate upon them. They will not make your faith any more understandable, but they may help you to appreciate it more.

Your faith is reasonable because you can know *why* you believe; nevertheless it is still faith, because you cannot understand fully *what* you believe:

St. Marguerite was presented to a pagan judge, who asked her if she were a Christian. When she replied that she was, the pagan taunted her:

"How can you adore a man who

has been crucified?"

"How do you know that He was crucified?" countered Marguerite.

"By your books."

"Then," replied Marguerite, "these same books tell us that He rose from the dead, and you ought to believe that too."

The Roman emperor, Trajan, once called before him a famous rabbi. He endeavored to make sport of the rabbi and his beliefs. Thinking to make him appear ridiculous, he inquired:

"You tell me that your God is everywhere. I should like to see Him. Where is He?"

"God is indeed everywhere," the rabbi replied. "But He cannot be seen, for no mortal eye can look upon His splendor."

The emperor, however, persisted in his demands.

"Well," answered the rabbi, "suppose we begin by endeavoring to gaze at one of His ambassadors."

Trajan agreed. And the rabbi, leading him out into the open air, bade him raise his eyes to the glaring sun. The emperor made the attempt, but quickly had to turn away.

"I cannot," he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes; "the light dazzles me."

"If then," exclaimed the rabbi, "you are unable to endure the light of one of His creatures, how can you expect to behold the unclouded glory of the Creator?"

"What is faith?" a priest once asked a poor woman. He was astounded and

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yet edified by her reply.

"I am ignorant. I cannot answer well, but I think faith is taking God at His word."

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"As there is no show of beauty in the root of a tree, and yet whatever beauty or grace there is in a tree comes hence, so too, from the lowliness of faith, from faith as the foundation, comes whatever merit or blessedness the soul can ever attain."

— St. Augustine.

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Mass was being said in the palace of St. Louis, king of France. At the words of consecration, Our Lord appeared visibly present on the altar under the form of a beautiful child. All present were astounded and enraptured at the sight. Word was immediately sent to the king to come and witness the miracle God was performing to prove the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. But Louis did not stir.

"I firmly believe already," he replied, "that Christ is truly present. He has said it and that is sufficient. I do not wish to lose the merit of my faith by going to see this miracle."

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Over and over again, faith has been proven to be much deeper than words, much stronger than tyranny — as witness this incident.

A young communist in Russia was being examined to determine whether he was politically qualified to fill a post in the government.

"What is God?" he was asked.

"God is only a fable," replied the

youth.

"Right. What is religion?"

"Religion is the opium of the people."

"Right again. What is the Church for?"

"To oppress the people."

"Excellent. You have passed your examination well."

"Thank God," exclaimed the youth joyfully, making the sign of the cross three times.

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It is a great and wonderful gift that God has given you in your faith. Though your reason can prove that it is a reasonable thing, yet never could you attain it of yourself. Because it is such a beautiful gift of God, then, you can never appreciate it enough. But, couldn't you appreciate it more?

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Are you satisfied with your catechism, or even more advanced knowledge of your faith? Do you like to read, or are you bored by Catholic books, magazines, newspapers? Are you satisfied with your attendance at and participation in the great mysteries of your faith — the Mass, Holy Communion, confession? Do you ever thank God for your faith? Do you say a prayer once in a while that you will never lose the faith, that God will make it stronger?

With these and similar questions in mind, which your own thoughts have suggested, we now invite you to reread the preceding stories and incidents. Read them slowly — meditate upon them. May they help you to appreciate your faith more.

Or "Once Is Enough"

The inhabitants of the all-Catholic island of Camiguin, P. I., selected strange names for the cities they founded there. One is "Ripe Bananas," another "Scratching." But the town that takes the prize is "Catarman," which means, "I won't come back."

Happenings in Rome

C. D. McEnniry

Italian Bishops and Communism

The Cardinal Archbishops of Milan, Turin, Genoa, Venice, Florence, Naples and Palermo, together with the other "Presidents of the Episcopal Regional Conferences" of Italy, met at the celebrated Shrine of Our Lady of the Rosary at Pompeii and, in the name of the entire Italian Episcopate, published a pastoral letter. The letter shows clearly the critical situation in the country and the energetic measures the Bishops are taking to meet it.

After having met, they wrote, at the feet of the Most Blessed Virgin, by a gracious concession of Our Holy Father Pius XII, we send this letter to all the faithful.

This is the Marian Year. Out of filial loyalty to the Pope we join with him in exhorting you above all to live the "spirit" of this year. Mary is God's Mother and ours. When Mother is present the family flourishes. We hope this special devotion to Mary will prove a strong bond of union binding us all together in "God's family." Mary will stamp out the jealousy, the antipathy, the dissension that would tear us apart. By union we mean "active union." Whoever does not do his full share, even in civil affairs, for the well-being and the salvation of his fellows, is not keeping the complete law of God.

Here before our common Mother our thoughts turn to the "Church of Silence" behind the dread Iron Curtain. Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, Sis-

ters, lay people are persecuted, jailed, murdered. But the very fact that so many innocent victims suffer for justice presages victory in the not too distant future. The persecution of the Church and the enslavement of the people behind the Iron Curtain is a fact. Remember that fact when the Communists tell you of the earthly paradise they will give you if you put them in power. Do you want that kind of paradise?

We denounce the Protestants, mostly from foreign countries, who pour out insults against our ancient faith and capitalize on the poverty and misery of the underprivileged to make them apostates. Such propaganda will never make these poor victims more religious but rather confuse them and render them ready prey for the Communists. These Protestant trouble makers operate by preference among the people who have had little religious instruction. Let this fact spur on our zealous pastors to provide, at all costs, solid doctrinal instruction for all our people.

The filial devotion of this Marian Year is directed toward God's Mother whose spotless soul was never soiled by the slightest stain. It is surely the year to work untiringly, both individually and collectively to promote purity and morality, to stem the noisome flood of filth that threatens to destroy the world. We recommend missions, retreats, etc., as powerful means toward this end.

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Special care, in this matter of morality and in every other matter, must be given to our people. Let no priest shrink from this urgent duty thinking he lacks tact for dealing with the young. Fame as a leader of youth is not necessary — nor indeed helpful. Prayer, self-sacrifice, humility, trust in God, zeal, and his priestly anointing will give any pastor the solid success that really counts.

Of vital importance today is the Catholic Press. And what is said of the Press is true, with due proportion, of the cinema and television. We must develop and perfect our Catholic press more and more. Then, what is of greater importance, induce the people to read it instead of giving all their time to literature that is frivolous or even dangerous.

There are many who honestly desire and strive to improve the lot of our people and to raise the standard of living especially of those who are poorest. We assure these honest workers for justice that we Bishops are with them heart and soul. We strive to keep the law of God which commands us to love all, both rich and poor, but to show *particular concern* for the most needy. This calls for immediate steps to cure the curse of unemployment. Our Italian people are willing to do hard work and live in frugal comfort. It is a calamity that so many are de-

prived of the opportunity of gaining a livelihood for themselves and their families. Italy is to a large extent an agricultural country. The lot of the agriculturists demands special attention. They should be given the opportunity to till the soil and to enjoy the fruits of their labors. Profiteers, whoever they may be, who prevent this should be ruthlessly restrained. Thus the trek to the large industrial cities, with its dangers to health and morality and domestic happiness, will be stayed.

Most important of all is charity, true brotherly love. In these days of conflict, hatred, calumny and mutual distrust, charity is a crying need. It is the mark by which all men can recognize a Christian.

The Communists accuse the Bishops of meddling in politics and seeking their own interest. We do *not* meddle in politics. The law of God touches every human activity — whether politics, education or aviation. It is our duty to point out to the people the law of God wherever it is concerned. We do our duty. It does not redound to our self-interest, nor do we wish it to. The Bishops behind the Iron Curtain did their duty. Did it redound to their self-interest? Should the Bishops of Italy ever be faced with the same alternative, God helping us, we will face it as did our brother Bishops now languishing in Soviet jails.

Fulfillment

When M. Fraisse brought his newly-born twin sons to be baptized in the small French town of St. Peray, on Holy Thursday, the pastor said:

"Today is the anniversary of the creation of the priesthood. I hope that one of your sons will give himself to God and become a priest."

"If God wills it," M. Fraisse answered, "both will give themselves willingly."

Recently the twin brothers celebrated their first Masses in the same church in which they were baptized.



POINTS of FRICTION

L. G. Miller

The Well and the Ill

In families where one of the members is incapacitated in some way friction can easily make itself felt, and for that reason the difficulty should be recognized and firmly dealt with.

There is the case, for instance, of the father or mother or both who have grown old and feeble and perhaps even childish. Or it may be that some younger member of the family is a chronic invalid or is mentally deficient.

In cases such as these the friction may arise from the fact that the sick or aged person is very demanding of those around him; even with the best of care, he may be given to much complaint and grumbling, or even fits of anger which upset the whole household. Even where the invalid is a model of patience, his presence in the home means in the very nature of things that the activities of the rest of the family are somewhat circumscribed, and under pressure, this can lead to frayed tempers and unhappiness, both on the part of healthy and the sick members of the family.

How can the inevitable friction be reduced to a minimum?

First of all, of course, there must be a sincere effort on the part of all concerned to accept the will of God, as manifested in the fact that He permits sickness and the ills of old age. If He permits them, it is for a very good reason, and our task is to bring our wills into perfect harmony with His, seeing His hand in all that transpires in life. Both the invalid and the invalid's family must be guided by this fundamental principle if there is to be any peace at all.

Then there must be a constant effort to cultivate the virtues of patience and kindness and mutual consideration.

These virtues do not come naturally; we are all selfish by nature, instinctively looking to our own comfort and ease. The family in which one member is incapacitated has an excellent opportunity to cultivate these virtues. Perfection will not be achieved in a day nor perhaps in a lifetime; without giving way to discouragement the invalid and those who live with him must sincerely keep trying. If more is demanded on one side than on the other, as in the case of an old person who has grown extremely unreasonable and demanding, this too will be accepted in a gentle spirit.

Thus much friction will be avoided, and although there may be great suffering in a home, that home will also contain the happiness and joy and peace that God grants to His faithful servants.

IT'S A BUSINESS!

Getting Serious About Sports

Joseph
Reynolds

A FEW months ago the editor of THE LIGUORIAN permitted me to speak my piece about the movies and their current interest in the Bible. This time I'd like to take a crack at sports. And I would like to do so simply by reporting the remarks of a philosophical friend of mine who not only is a college graduate, but once did some pitching for Peoria in the Three Eye League.

We were standing around in Grogan's Bar one afternoon not long ago watching the baseball game on television. There was Mike Brophy and Bresnahan and I and a couple of other fellows I didn't know too well.

It was the Yanks and White Sox playing, and it was one of those days when the Yanks couldn't do anything wrong. Yogi Berra hit two home runs his first two times up. Rizzuto started a triple play. Hank Bauer grabbed two flies off the top of the barrier. Whitey Ford on the mound was giving the Sox nothing but goose-eggs. Along about the seventh inning the Sox really had their tails dragging.

"Them Yanks!" said Grogan, behind the bar. "They're just too good."

"They sure are," someone else chimed in. This was in Chicago, so there wasn't any disagreement on that score.

"They've got too much money to play around with," said Bresnahan.

"Yes, but don't forget they've got an \$800,000 payroll."

"As I see it," said Mike Brophy (the college boy and Three-Eye graduate), "the whole set-up is at fault. Baseball hasn't been a sport for a long time. It's a business. And the same with football."

The others looked at Mike with respect. He sounded educated.

"How does the dictionary define sport?" he went on.

Well of course there wasn't anyone who could answer that question, so he answered it himself.

"I know because I just looked it up. Sport is a particular game or play pursued for diversion or recreation. Do you think that definition applies to baseball or football as they are commonly played today? Not on your life. They're going to have to come up with a better definition than that."

"Maybe you've got something there," said Grogan. "When Rabbit Maranville died last year they said he was one player who played baseball for fun. You could tell that from the funny way he had of catching pop flies. He caught them with his hands cupped down in front of his belt buckle. I used to get a wallop out of it."

"So did I," said Brophy. "I saw him many a time. If any player tried to do that nowadays, out he'd go. There's too much money riding on every play. It isn't a sport any longer. It's a business."

We all nodded our heads solemnly and murmured our agreement, feeling

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quite intellectual about the whole thing.

"Now you take football. I suppose you saw the Rose Bowl game televised?"

"Sure."

"And you saw the parade and all the hoop-la surrounding the game? Who was behind all that? The chamber of commerce, of course. It's a million dollars worth of publicity for good old California. And the same goes for the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans and all the other bowls — all plugging for the local business. Where's the sport in all this? Where's the athletic contest? Well, it's there, all right, but it's like cracking a pig nut, you have to dig around quite a bit after you crack it before you find the kernel. And even when you find it, it's pretty small."

By this time Mike was really warmed up to his subject.

"And what's the result of all this commercialism? In the case of college football, it's killing off the game in dozens of small colleges. You have to have big money to compete in the chamber of commerce league, and the small colleges just haven't got it. They have to take the players as they come, and the good players don't come very fast or very often when they can do so much better at State. Get what I mean?"

"What about baseball?" I said.

"In baseball the same thing is true in a different way. The sport has grown into a vicious battle for commercial survival, where the player goes to bat for his bonus rather than for good old Binghampton, and club expenses mount as the competition grows more fierce. Old Abner Doubleday would be shocked if he came back to life and found he had to pay two bucks to see a game which he thought up as a means of healthy recreation for some

of the neighborhood boys. It's getting too big for its britches, I tell you, and one of these days the whole top-heavy structure is going to crash."

We were silent, not knowing what to answer to this outburst. Someone had brought in a copy of the *Sporting News*, and it was lying on the counter. Brophy picked it up and waved it in our faces.

"Here's the tip-off," he said. "Read this regularly, and you'll begin to think that baseball is the most important, the most glorious, the most inspiring activity on this wide earth. Old J. G. Taylor Spink, the sultan of statistics, publisher and editor of the *Sporting News*, can be as solemn as an owl in discussing baseball. I contend that while baseball is an important and significant phenomenon of our times, it is not the most important thing there is, by any means."

"Of course it ain't," said Grogan, polishing a glass.

"To be put in the baseball hall of fame up at Cooperstown, New York, shows that a man was fast on his feet, had a good arm, and could hit a baseball a country mile. What else does it show? It makes a hero out of a man when perhaps, even though he hit .400, he was a bum in his attitude toward life and his fellow-men."

"Two records were set today," the announcer said. "Gene Woodling hit two doubles in the third inning, the first time this has been done in Comiskey Park in that frame between these two clubs. Minnie Minoso hit seven foul balls in one time at bat in the fourth frame, a new record . . ."

"See what I mean?" said Brophy. "Wouldn't you say that was overdoing it?"

"The poor Sox," said Grogan. "What they need is a couple of good pitchers."



THOUGHTS for

the SHUT-IN

Charity Toward Attendants

Leonard F. Hyland

Kindness towards the sick is a virtue which only a misanthrope would feel inclined to belittle, and which most people try to practice, at least towards their own relatives and close friends. Indeed, the attention of the public need only be drawn to some pitiful case of illness in order to bring about a heart-warming outburst of generosity.

Generally speaking, it is also true to say that doctors and nurses and those whose profession it is to care for the sick are kind and considerate in the discharge of their duties. There are exceptions to the rule, of course, human nature being what it is. But mostly the brisk and professional manner adopted by doctors and nurses merely serves the useful purpose of covering up feelings so that necessary and perhaps painful treatment of the patient may be given.

Our purpose in this month's reflection is to talk about the reverse side of the charity which should certainly shine forth in a sick room. It is an aspect of the virtue little talked about. We mean the kindness and understanding sick people should try to practice towards those who take care of them.

There is a natural tendency on the part of shut-ins to take for granted the care that must be given them. If this tendency is allowed to develop unchecked, there can arise a kind of "sick-bed selfishness" which can cause much pain.

The sick person perhaps finds every justification for his attitude. "I deserve all they are doing for me," he may rationalize. "I have to lie here and suffer while they are all well and happy. I'm sick and I have a right to be cranky and demanding and unappreciative."

Such are the unlovely weeds which can spring up in the human heart even in the hallowed time of suffering. The home ruled by the selfish whims of such a wheel-chair tyrant is an unhappy home indeed.

Let the shut-in remember that when charity is difficult to exercise, then it is of greatest value in God's sight. By a strange irony, the truly kind and considerate and patient shut-in can turn his home, despite the inconvenience his condition causes, into a veritable heaven on earth.

Postscript: A number of "shut-ins" have written to tell us that they differ from the previously quoted correspondent who expressed dislike of the term. "Our Lord is a shut-in in the tabernacle," one wrote, "cloistered nuns are shut-ins, what difference does it make what we are called so long as we do God's will and reach heaven." Any other opinions?



Sideglances

A happily suitable title for anything the Bystander writes on what he has seen on a rapid trip through European countries is "sideglances." To attempt to give more than fleeting impressions of any country in which one sojourned for only a few days or a few weeks would be intolerable arrogance. Nevertheless one does see many things out of the corner of one's eye, during a quick trip abroad, that are interesting and sometimes fascinating. Having been longer in Rome (on official business of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer) than in any other country, a few of the impressions gathered there may be of interest to readers who have not had or may not have the chance of seeing the city that is called eternal. There can be no question that this city is the most concentrated center in the world of religious and cultural elements that have created Christian civilization. At the same time it is today an arena in which a furious battle is going on—between the eternal and the temporal, the spiritual and the material, the pro-God and the anti-God forces of the world. You sense the tenseness of the battle just by being in Rome. You see evidences of it on the streets and in the newspapers. You hear old-timers in Rome speak in doleful prophecy of the future. For the strangest thing about Rome is the living contradiction between the all-permeating power of the Catholic faith and the growing strength of communism. It is freely rumored in the city that an agonizing heart over the political and popular strength of communism added greatly to the illness of Pope Pius XII.

But it is impressions that these sideglances would present. The first impression

that strikes one on arrival in Rome is that of the wild fury of the traffic on its streets. Somehow one comes to Rome from abroad with the impression that it will be rather quiet and peaceful, no doubt because one is inclined to associate heavy traffic with the kind of prosperity that is so often said to be lacking in Italy. It is a shock, then, to step off a train into a maelstrom of such street traffic as one has never seen before. The inventor of the wheel should rise from his grave to see what his brain-child has done in Rome. Bicycles, push-carts, scooters, motorcycles, three-wheeled trucks of all sizes, the ever-present Italian-made Fiat in six or seven sizes, buses, street-cars, double and triple-trailer oil trucks, Cadillacs and many other makes of foreign cars—all mingle in a disorderly but rushing melee through the streets. There seem to be few traffic laws or directive signs for vehicles. Never once did we see a speed limit posted. Only here and there does a traffic cop direct things. We saw no stop signs and few of the familiar red and green traffic lights. Someone said that the people in Rome resent traffic signs and regulations as unjustifiable curbs on their freedom, something they knew little of under Mussolini. Add to the multitude of vehicles on the streets the fact that nowhere outside of Rome do you see so many pedestrians, curb-side conversational groups, and sidewalk peddlers (with movable carts filled with merchandise) and you can imagine the scene. Despite the speed of the flow of vehicular traffic, pedestrians seem to have and take just as much right to the streets as the vehicles, neither looking to left or right as they jaywalk, but confidently depending on car-drivers to use their brakes often

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and sharply.

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The above, of course, is a minor matter. What impresses one from the artistic viewpoint about Rome is the miracle of its accomplishments in stone. There are famous paintings in Rome, preserved in the Vatican Museum, the National Gallery, and other great shrines of art. But it is in stone that its greatest glory lies, at least as far as it impressed this transient visitor. Roman artists have made stone flow and flex and breathe and all but speak. We refer especially to the sculptors of the Christian era and the Christian spirit. In the Vatican Museum and other show-places, much of the Greek and pre-Christian Roman art of sculpture is on display. To us all this was overshadowed by the inexhaustible quantity and greatness of the sculpture of the Christian era. It is not only such renowned pieces as Michael Angelo's pieta and Moses, and Bernini's fountains and monuments that create this impression, but almost everything that is seen in St. Peter's, St. John Lateran's (especially the heroic figures of the twelve apostles), St. Mary Major and a hundred other churches. The churches themselves with their graceful Roman arches intertwined and ascending toward the skies, are sources of never-ending awe. And what has not been done in architecture and sculpture has been done in mosaics, so perfectly designed and laid out that only the closest examination reveals them to be not delicate oil paintings but masterpieces of man-made stone.

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From the religious viewpoint Rome is quite an enigma to an American. It is difficult to get used to the lack of order, organization, parochial control, formalism that mark the practice of the faith in America. Yet one cannot miss the essential point that most Italians possess the faith as something that is part of the air they breathe. St. Mary Major, the great

basilica that goes back to the third or fourth century, is the Roman center of the devotions of the Marian year. The magnificent chapel in the basilica dedicated to Mary as "*Salus populi Romani*" (Salvation of the Roman people) is open from morning to night (most Roman churches are closed between two and four in the afternoon) to receive pilgrims from and to Rome for the Marian year. Almost every day of our stay in Rome we visited this chapel, and never did we find it, at any hour of the day, without a throng of people. They were either singing hymns or reciting the rosary or chanting Mary's litany or listening to a sermon by a parish priest who had led a large group of his people there. Sometimes the devotions we heard conducted were in French or German or even English, as pilgrims from far from Rome gathered at the great shrine. But always and constantly there was the coming and the going of hundreds of Italians—men, women and children, stopping to salute Mary and to pray before the Blessed Sacrament which is exposed each day in the chapel of *Salus Populi*. Outside St. Mary Major there are reminders all over Rome of the Marian year. Shopkeepers have little shrines set up over their doors or in their show-windows, and it is not unusual to see them beginning the day by placing fresh flowers before their shrine. And, while it may be called Latin emotionalism by less demonstrative people, there is something engaging and at the same time expressive of childlike faith in the manner in which the Romans cheer for the Blessed Mother after singing a hymn, and throw kisses toward her shrine if they cannot come close enough to kiss her foot or her garments.

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Why does communism thrive among certain segments of the Italian people? Why are the communists in government capable of obstructing the formation of a solid government and why are they pow-

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erful enough to seem close, at times, to taking over the government? The answer is a simple one and it is a lesson to all the world. It has been given by the Popes over and over again. It is man-made poverty. There is stark poverty in Rome, and still greater poverty outside of Rome. Communists promise quick relief to the poor. You cannot expect these poor to recognize the falseness of the promises nor the awful price even they would have to pay if they authorized the communists to try to carry out their promises. Indeed, the poor think of the promises of the communists as on a completely different level of reality than their religion or anything else. We were told by one man who lives in a poor workers' neighborhood that many of the poor who support the communists have no idea of turning against their religion. When the Angelus rings they still doff their caps. When a funeral bell tolls they still stop to say a prayer for the deceased. They still join in devotions to the Mother of God. But they live on pittance, and any-

body who promises them more bread and clothing and material decencies gets a hearing and eventually a following among them. It is a dramatic proof of what both saints and popes have often said: You cannot talk religion to a hungry man. First feed his body and then he will be receptive to food offered to his soul. There are healthy signs of an awakening to this universal truth in Italy. Here and there you read of an industrialist who is flouting tradition by raising the standard of living of all his workers. The Christian democratic party, with men like de Gasperi and Scelba leading the way, is conscious of government's obligation to the poor. It is the hope and prayer of every intelligent Catholic in Italy that, even though they cannot make the wild and deceptive promises that the communists are constantly broadcasting, they will **eventually prove to the poor** that their lot will be bettered within the framework of Christian justice, charity and order.

To Each His Own

During the visitation of my parish, writes Father Thomas Convery in the *Far East*, I came upon two women sitting outside a hut eating peanuts from a piece of newspaper twisted into a homemade bag. As I get closer I see that these are strange "peanuts" indeed. Each one has a head, wings and two feet. With a deft movement of the right forefinger, the two feet and the wings are removed and the rest of the delicacy is popped into the mouth. I am amazed and I don't realize that I am staring with my mouth half-open in disbelief until one of the women looks at me and doubles up with laughter. I think that they have a peculiar taste in food, but thinking it over I remember that I used to be very fond of oysters. You must admit that an oyster isn't much to look at either.

Of more than 4,800 ex-servicemen now studying for the priesthood or entering religious congregations, 227 are in houses affiliated with the Catholic University of America. These include Australians, Mexican and Polish veterans as well as Americans, represent all ranks from private through major, and boast two Silver Stars, four Purple Hearts, One Bronze Star and one Distinguished Flying Cross.



Catholic Anecdotes

A Difference in Attitude

A certain Chinese philosopher was first a follower of Confucius, then became a Buddhist, and finally a Christian. Someone asked him to put into a few words, the difference between the three great religions.

"Yes," he said. "Suppose a man has fallen into a deep pit and cannot get out. Confucius would fold his arms and say: 'Serves you right for being such a fool as to fall in.' Buddha would be full of sympathy and give the man advice about climbing out, but Our Blessed Lord would stoop down and lift the man right out of the pit."

Medicinal Beads

One day the famous composer, Joseph Haydn, found himself amongst a group of distinguished musicians. A question arose in the discussion as to the best way to refresh the mind after hard mental labour.

"A good glass of wine for me," said one.

"As for me," said another, "when ideas stop coming I quit work and go into company."

"How about you, Haydn?"

"I take my rosary," he answered quietly. "I always carry it with me. After a few decades I feel refreshed in body and mind."

Putting It To The Test

Three little girls — two white and one colored — appeared at the ticket window of a roller-skating rink in a Midwest city one day. Their skates were dangling over their shoulders and their faces were aglow with anticipation of the pleasure to come. The ticket agent took one look at them

and proceeded to quash their hopes.

"We can't have colored children on our rink," he told them. "You two" — he indicated the white youngsters — "can go in. Your friend will have to stay outside."

The three girls promptly held a consultation among themselves. Then the two white girls bought tickets and went inside, leaving their companion behind. About a half-hour later they were back again at the ticket booth.

"It isn't so," they told the startled agent. "We asked every person on the rink and they said they'd be glad to have our friend there."

Shamefaced, the agent agreed to have the little colored girl admitted to the rink.

Father Keller

Lady Be Good

You need no special words to pray to Our Blessed Lady. There was a London communist who after twenty years away from the Faith, dropped into St. Ethelreda's church in Holborn. He sneaked up the aisle and stealthily lit a candle before the Lady altar. Then he began murmuring words, looking up at the statue very intently. The words that he was saying sounded very much like and probably were the lines from the lyrics of a popular song hit of the late twenties . . . but it is certain that they never had more meaning than when Douglas Hyde, editor of England's *Daily Worker*, recited them:

"Oh sweet and lovely Lady, be good, O Lady be good to me."

Our Lady heard that prayer, and soon after brought him back to the Faith.

Pointed Paragraphs



Our Lady's New Home

Surely by this time every Catholic is aware of the campaign in progress for funds to complete the national shrine to the Blessed Virgin Mary in Washington, D.C. This project, of course, had its inception many years ago, and the crypt of the church has long been completed in a beautiful location on the grounds of the Catholic University.

Only recently, however, have the bishops thought the time ripe to make a concerted drive for funds sufficient to finish the proposed building. According to the plans, the building will be one of the great religious edifices of the country and indeed of the world.

We are happy during the month of May to add our voice to the exhortations being made in pulpits throughout the land urging our people to be generous in this cause. It is a crusade which transcends all local appeals, and has special arguments in its favor which should appeal to all without question.

First, there is the fact that every good Catholic holds Mary in a special place of affection in his heart. He recognizes her as the mother of his soul, appointed as such by Christ Himself on the cross. He considers himself

privileged to be given the opportunity to honor her in this unique way.

Secondly, there is the fact that our nation from the beginning has been dedicated in a special way to Mary, under the special title of her Immaculate Conception. From the time of the early explorers, who named rivers and settlements after her, to the present day, her gracious influence has been present among us in a marked and distinctive way. We should feel a little ashamed that it has taken us so long to put up a shrine really worthy of our national patroness. We should eagerly embrace this present opportunity to fulfill our debt.

Thirdly, the current year, 1954, has been designated as the Marian year by our Holy Father. Every faithful Catholic will rejoice that in this season of grace he can make an appropriate sacrifice which will be applied directly to the cause of giving Mary proper honor. If enough of the faithful have this spirit and make these sacrifices, Mary's hand will be strengthened, as she promised at Fatima, to save the world from the horrible fate which overshadows it.

Resurrection

May is the month when the resurrection of nature takes place. All winter long her wake was held as though she had really died and there was nothing left to do but bury her if a grave could be found in the universe deep enough wherein she could be laid. She was icy to the touch, immobile, lifeless. And now, almost suddenly, from death emerges life. Flowers and green grass and budding trees take the place of frost and snow. It is like one awakening from a deep sleep.

There is only one other instance in the history of the world when death has begotten life. That instance was

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the Good Friday and the Easter Sunday of Our Lord. Christ really died; and Christ lived again as though He had not died at all. Probably the transformation of winter into spring with all its growth and fragrance and vitality is God's way of pointing out each year this amazing fact. Death seems so final. Yet, death is not final at all. Christ proved that nineteen hundred years ago. Nature proves it every year.

A lesson can be gained from the blossoming and the blooming of May. It is a lesson of hope. A curse has come upon all of us through the sin of Adam and Eve. We are condemned to die. We are to suffer a Good Friday. We are to endure a season of winter. But we are not to despair.

Christianity is built upon both the supernatural and the natural. If Christ died and rose again; if nature dies and rises again; so shall it be with us — we shall die, but so also shall we rise. The sting is taken out of the curse that fell upon us in the garden. And if we find this hard to accept when we see the innumerable cemeteries that fill the country, all we have to do is make a meditation on the supernatural as represented in the final events of the life of Christ, and on the natural as represented in the effulgence, the vitality and the resurrection of May. There we shall behold our future — *our* conquest of death in the unceasing life that shall be ours in heaven.

Mothers' Day Novenas

Many parishes will have a novena during May in honor of the Blessed Virgin as a proper preparation for and celebration of Mothers' Day. All mothers are honored when the Mother of God is honored.

A novena is a nine day period of prayer. The best known novenas in the United States are those in honor

of the Blessed Virgin under the title of *Our Sorrowful Mother*, *Queen of the Miraculous Medal*, and *Our Mother of Perpetual Help*. Each one of these novenas has special prayers that are said and special hymns that are sung. Generally the devotions last about half an hour.

It is not binding under pain of sin to make a novena. But it is profitable for the soul. The Church has always said that no child of Mary is ever lost. A novena is an opportunity to prove that we are her children in deed as well as in name. Children can hardly be looked upon as real children if they refuse ever to call upon their parents even when their parents are celebrating special feast days and anniversaries.

Furthermore, novenas have proved to be a powerful means of moving the Blessed Virgin to intercede with her Son for the granting of the favors that we want. All of us have trials and troubles, difficulties that need solving, temptations to be conquered. The experience of past novenas has proved that the Blessed Virgin is most active when large numbers of people pray to her for nine consecutive days.

Attendance at a novena is one of the ways we have of showing our love for our earthly mother. Whether she be living or dead, we can place her under the protection of the Blessed Virgin. This is the finest gift that we can give her. And if our mother has any faith at all, she will appreciate such a gift more than any other that we might offer her.

If you have a novena in your parish for Mothers' Day, try to attend it.

The Pope and the Modern Girl

How shrewd and, alas, how true is the description of the "modern" young girl given by Pope Pius XII some years

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ago in an allocution. It does not, obviously, apply to *all* modern girls, but it is sufficiently descriptive of the *typical* modern girl:

"Although appearing more informed, she is often in reality less solidly instructed; her experience is superficial, sufficient to tarnish her delicacy and freshness, but insufficient to keep her on guard against the cunning and hypocrisy of seducers. Also her experience is above all negative, and she has discovered neither the grandeur nor the beauty nor the wholesome and strong joys of the role which claims her in the family and society. The illusion of soundness and strength, the illusion of experience and prudence, both are food for a presumption . . . she believes she can with impunity read everything, see everything, taste everything.

"She will not listen to nor accept advice; at the slightest suspicion of 'protection' she rebels. Protection means in her opinion humiliation and servitude; she has no notion of the need she has for it in order to safeguard her feminine dignity and her noble spirit, in order to free herself from all the seductions, tricks and flatteries of which she is the unknowing dupe and slave.

"To sum up, she is disarmed before the peril. Pious perhaps — at least in her own way, she believes herself to be because she attends routinely or superstitiously a minimum of religious functions . . . she has of religion and piety only the merest veneer of pretended devotion, without substance, without depth, without doctrine. Sceptical in regard to the authorized teachings of the church, she blindly believes what destroys dogma, morality and discipline for her; she believes her improvised theologians, her companions of the office and factory! And in many

cases it is in these conditions that she complacently faces life! How quickly she will fall! First some imprudent act at which she will laugh with a light heart; then a concession against which she will no longer have any scruples; finally downfall."

Are Parish Missions Passé?

Is it possible for a parish to outgrow the need for a mission? We have been hearing stories lately of the people of some of our more prominent and prosperous parishes practically boycotting the mission that their pastor asked them to attend.

A mission is a series of sermons morning and evening, generally lasting a week, and dealing with the eternal truths — death, sin, judgment, heaven and hell; the purpose of a mission is the reformation, not of society or of societies within society, but of the individual Christian. In a sense a mission is a remote preparation for death.

Missions are just as necessary today as they ever were. Human nature does not change. The world is still capable of blinding the eyes of the soul to the eternal truths. Money and fame and pleasure can obscure completely the vision of judgment and purgatory and hell. Movies and television and profane magazines and books can cause cataracts that only the most drastic spiritual surgery can remove.

In fact, missions are more necessary today than they ever were before. It is easier to be "secularized" today than it was before the heresy of secularism was known. Secularism means the placing of all the emphasis of life on the natural rather than on the supernatural, on the things of time rather than on the things of eternity. To the secularist there are no such things as eternal verities; or if there are, they

are not important and should in no way influence a man in his way of living. Secularism is the very atmosphere of the twentieth century. Hardly anyone can escape its poison.

A mission graphically and simply reminds people that they are not created primarily for the natural and for time — they are created for eternity. Their happiness or unhappiness in eternity will depend on the kind of life they lead on earth.

Those Catholics who refuse to attend a mission in their parish church are making a bad mistake. They may be refusing the one great grace that will mean their salvation. It is a teaching of the Church that a mission can save a soul when all other means have failed. It is also a teaching of the Church that a soul can be lost through malicious non-attendance at a mission.

Missions still are necessary.

Public Scandal

During the last several months the papers have been carrying accounts of the travels and the trivia in the lives of Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe. Some of the accounts have been glowing, even "homey," as though the union were a marriage between two "kids" (a word used by the more sentimental and unspiritual amongst the writers) who were very much in love with one another and who did what all simple and unsophisticated young people would do — get married.

Such accounts are nauseating in the extreme. They posit the proposition that God has nothing to say about how and between whom a marriage should take place; that feeling and sex are the primary and determining factors in the making of a contract that was raised by Christ to the dignity of a

sacrament.

But the real tragedy of this travesty on marriage lies in the fact that there has hardly been an instance in recent years when greater scandal was given to the young and the impressionable, due to the wide and generally favorable publicity given the case by the papers, and the common knowledge that DiMaggio was supposed to be a Catholic.

We do not presume to pass on DiMaggio's guilt. That is a matter for God to decide on. Objectively, however, the devil has been served, and seldom better. It is the devil's purpose to lead people into sin. Could he have found a better ally in this awful work?

The admirers of the baseball player are legion. They have made of him a hero. His skill on the diamond casts a halo over all his actions, even those accomplished off the diamond, even those that are bad. He could not have done more harm if he had mounted a platform and given speeches against the Church. "Woe to him who gives scandal. It would be better for him if a millstone were tied around his neck and he were cast into the depths of the sea."

There is only one thing that right-minded men and women can and should do. They should pray fervently for this unfortunate man. They should pray that the damage done by his example may be neutralized by the mercy and the kindness of God. They should advise their children that Joe DiMaggio may have been a good athlete, but that he is not a good model to be imitated in the things of life that are infinitely more important than baseball.

Christ must be weeping even as He did at the treachery of Judas. May He have mercy on Joe DiMaggio's soul.



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by John Schaefer

VICTORIES OF THE MARTYRS

MARTYRS OF JAPAN (Concluded)

In the year 1630, Bugondono, the tyrant who had persecuted the faithful so fiercely in the kingdom of Arima, now became more ferocious than before. He conceived the plan of having the Christians conducted into the pagan temples, and there forcing them to worship the false gods. Three hundred of those subjected to such treatment remained firm despite all the torments which were heaped upon them. Among their number was a woman of high rank and her family. Her daughter, but thirteen years of age, was tortured in a horrible manner. Among the means employed to make her suffer was that of burying pointed reeds in her flesh. She was then roasted over burning coals, and when the executioners became tired of tormenting her, they would leave her, only to return later to their horrible work.

Later Bugondono determined to add mental torture to his already diabolical refinements of physical torture. To force the mothers and fathers to renounce Jesus Christ, he gathered together a large number of the children of those who had remained firm in their faith. The hands of the children were skinned and burning coals placed upon them. They were then informed that if they withdrew their hands this would be a sign of apostasy. Some of the children did withdraw their hands, though they protested that they did not cease to be Christians. Others bore

this awful pain without flinching. Forced to witness this fiendish torture of their children, the majority of the parents yielded through compassion for their children. About fifty of the parents, however, remained firm in their faith.

These fifty were conducted to Ximabara, where they were subjected to unheard-of trials. They were made to sit on two stakes placed in the form of a cross in a hole. Then two boards, hollowed out, held them tightly by the neck, so that only the head could be seen above, while the body was in the hole. They remained in this position night and day. Each day a part of the neck was sawed with a wooden saw, precautions being taken to prolong their sufferings. A nobleman, named Thomas Quichibioie, bore this torment for seven days, at the end of which he had his head cut off entirely. The example of his courage caused three of his companions to repent. They had yielded after resisting for a long time. Deploring their unfaithfulness, and having again declared themselves Christians, they were beheaded soon after.

The vengeance of God, however, was soon to break over the head of this tyrant. He was seized with a burning fever, which made him furious and brought him to the borderline of delirium. Everywhere he sought remedies; and when several were offered

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him, he desired to mix them and to take them all at once, saying that if each of the remedies could heal him, he would be still more sure of being cured by taking them all at once. Scarcely had he swallowed a part of the medicine when all his teeth fell out, and he felt as if there was a burning fire in his entrails. He then determined to have recourse to the waters of Mount Ungen, for salutary baths were made by tempering them with cold water. But as soon as he had been placed in the bath, he cried out that he was all on fire, and that the sight of the heads of all the Christians whom he had made to die caused him an insupportable torture. Thus did the tyrant, Bugondono, expire, in a transport of rage, in the month of December of the year 1630.

We have reached the end of this history. But before concluding it, let me relate one more fact which shed glory upon the faith. Father Sebastian Vieyra, a Portuguese Jesuit, had been expelled from Japan in 1614. Some years later he came to Rome to render an account to the Holy Father of the state of his mission. He then returned to Japan, penetrating into the country in disguise in 1632. The governor of Nagasaki, however, succeeded in capturing him, and informed the young emperor of his prize. He was ordered to be taken to Jedo that news might be obtained from him of Europe.

When Father Vieyra arrived at the capital, he was visited by the lords of the court, and he spoke to them freely of the truths of the faith. The emperor himself expressed a wish to have in writing a summary of the Christian doctrines. When these memoirs had been carried to the court, and the reading of them begun, it was noted that the emperor seemed to be wavering and to be troubled by conflicting

thoughts, particularly when the article about the immortality of the soul was read.

He then remarked, "This bonze of Europe is a man of good faith. He explains with sincerity the mysteries of his religion." Then, the emperor added: "If what he says of the immortality of the soul be true, as it seems to be, what will become of us, unhappy beings that we are."

The more the reading continued, the more the emperor appeared to be moved. But all the light which he had received on the truth of our faith was soon obscured by the reasonings of Oiendono, his uncle. The elder man persuaded the emperor that all that the missionary had advanced was a tissue of lies, and that it was unworthy of a prince to abandon the religion of his ancestors to embrace that of a stranger, an emissary of the king of Spain, who aspired to take possession of Japan as he had already done in the case of the Philippine islands.

Imbued from his infancy with pagan principles, the young prince yielded to the reasoning of his uncle and condemned the holy missionary to the following torture. Father Vieyra was led through the streets of the city in a most ignominious way. He was then suspended in a grave, his head downwards and his hands tied behind his back. Two hollowed-out boards were fitted about him tightly in the middle of the body, depriving him entirely of light. The holy missionary, however, predicted that he would die only by fire. And, in fact, at the end of three days, upon finding him to be quite fresh, as though he had not suffered at all, the executioners kindled a large fire in the grave, and he thus consummated his martyrdom on January 6, 1634.

Since all the missionaries had either

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been martyred or banished, with the exception of some few who concealed themselves, the mission to Japan ceased to exist. Numerous spies were kept all along the coast, with orders to be on the watch for strangers and to oblige them as soon as discovered to trample on the crucifix. It was, therefore, impossible for any missionary to go there to keep alive the faith of the Christians who still remained. Those who were still devoting themselves to this heroic undertaking were soon arrested and put to death.

The ports remained open only to the Protestant Hollanders, because they declared that they did not belong to the Catholic church, and since they rejected the veneration of sacred images, they felt no repugnance in stepping upon the crucifix. The last missionary to die in Japan was Father Christopher Ferreyra. In 1633, fearing further torments, he had the misfortune to apostatize. After passing nineteen years in this sad state, he acknowledged his sinfulness, again confessed Jesus Christ, and courageously submitted to the sentence of death, which was carried out in 1652.

To sum up, the mission of Japan lasted only eighty-four years, for St. Francis Xavier opened it in 1549. According to the best historians, this was just eight years after the discovery of the islands or of the sixty-six kingdoms of which this empire is composed. Nevertheless, this last persecution did not entirely extinguish the faith in Japan, where many Christians could still be counted. Even though at the present time, there are no more to be found, one may hope that, as the faith has passed from Japan to China, so by an admirable substitution of grace, it will return from China to Japan. It is certain that so many martyrs, who have sacrificed their lives for Jesus

Christ, will not cease to intercede for the salvation of their countrymen, and we are justified in entertaining the hope that one day, in consideration of their merits, God will deliver from the devil these unhappy countries.

We here finish our history of the victories gained by the martyrs. It is a work, the reading of which should specially awaken in us two useful reflections:

The first reflection is that we should have great confidence in the intercession of the martyrs. For while they offered to God the sacrifice of their lives, they have acquired great influence with Him for obtaining for us the graces that we desire.

The second reflection, more important than the first, is, that if the martyrs have endeared themselves to us by so many sufferings endured for Jesus Christ, and by the courage that they inspire in us to suffer also for Him, with how much greater reason should we love this divine Master Himself, Who has deigned to descend from heaven and expire in pain on a cross in order to save us! If the martyrs merit our compassion and our love because they were innocent and holy, how much greater compassion and love should we have for Jesus Christ, Who being innocence and holiness itself, died on the infamous gibbet to expiate our iniquities!

Let us, therefore, love this King of the martyrs, as St. Augustine calls Him. Let us love this good Pastor Who loved us so as to give His life for us, His sheep, and His ungrateful sheep! If we have shown ingratitude to Him in the past, let us try, during the rest of our lives, to please and to love Him with all our strength. For this purpose let us have our eyes constantly fixed on Jesus crucified.

BOOK LOVERS DEPARTMENT



CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

Eugene Bagger, 1892-
Journalist

I. Life:

Eugene Bagger was born in Budapest, Hungary, on March 21st, 1892, the son of Jewish parents, John and Eleanore Szekeres-Schoen. His early education was received at the Budapest Gymnasium, a European school that combines our American college preparatory and college education. At the age of seventeen the reading of Chesterton led him to be baptized as a Catholic, but the pressure of modern thought caused the shallow roots of his Catholicism to be uprooted. After graduation from the Gymnasium, Bagger studied at the University of Budapest for three years, but his father's death caused him to leave without a degree in 1911. For several years he worked as a journalist in his native city, then left for Denmark to study Scandinavian literature. The outbreak of the first World War led him to sail for the United States where he obtained his citizenship papers in 1920. The first few years in the United States were spent as a reporter on two Hungarian language newspapers. After serving on the editorial staff of the Cleveland Press, Mr. Bagger joined the New York Times as a roving reporter in Europe. In 1927 he settled on the Coast of Provence, France. It was while living in France that his study revealed the bankruptcy of modern philosophy and the perennial saneness of the philosophy of St. Thomas. This was the human means of his return to the Catholic Church. In 1938 Mr. Bagger married Esther Van Gruissen Dean, who also en-

tered the Church. During the past few years Mr. Bagger has spent his time in study and writing.

II. Writings:

Most of Bagger's work has appeared in Catholic and secular newspapers and magazines. His specialty has been historical-philosophical writing about our modern civilization. Despite the pressure of newspaper and magazine deadlines, Mr. Bagger has succeeded in writing three books. *Eminent Europeans*, published in 1922, consists of interviews with prominent European scholars and statesmen about their reactions to Spengler's pessimistic, *The Decline of the West*. *Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria*, a book which he regrets and repudiates, was an attack upon the Emperor and the Church.

III. The Book:

For the Heathen Are Wrong, a self-styled impersonal autobiography, is a penetrating analysis of the errors of modern thought. This book is of interest for two reasons. 1. It explains the downfall of France, outwardly Catholic but inwardly pagan. 2. It details the journey of Bagger through the maze of all the modern isms back to the unchangeable truth taught by God through nature and revelation. While not an easy book to read, *For the Heathen Are Wrong* is very rewarding for one who desires a critical appraisal of modern thought.

MAY BOOK REVIEWS

ST. MARGARET MARY

Mission for Margaret. By Mary Fabyan Windeatt. 230 pp. St. Meinrad, Ind.: Grail Publication. \$3.00.

The latest book of Mary Fabyan Windeatt, the popular biographer of the Saints, is *Mission for Margaret*, the story of the confidant of the Sacred Heart. In simple language, suitable for the young as well as the mature, Miss Windeatt unfolds the dramatic story of St. Margaret Mary, the Visitation nun to whom the Sacred Heart confided the twelve promises made for those who honor His Sacred Heart that loved men so much and received so little love in return. It is difficult for the modern reader, who has grown so accustomed to the practice of honoring the Sacred Heart by Communion on the First Friday for nine consecutive First Fridays, to realize the great storm that this devotion caused even in Margaret Mary's own convent at Paray-le-Monial in France. Most religious companions thought that Margaret Mary was either insane or possessed by the devil to think of promoting monthly Communion on the First Friday. In those days Jansenism, the heresy that taught people to fear rather than love God, and that kept souls away from Holy Communion because of their unworthiness to receive God, had a strong hold on the Religious and laity of France. The Sacred Heart and the two dedicated hearts of St. Margaret Mary and Blessed Claude de la Columbiere drew France away from the devotion-killing effects of Jansenism. *Mission for Margaret* is a well written book, as are all of Mary Fabyan Windeatt's books, that will serve to help increase devotion to the Sacred Heart.

RELIGIOUS SUPERIORS

To Govern is To Love. By Rev. F. X. Ronsin, S.J. Translated by Sister Eugenia Logan, S.P. 287 pp. Staten Island, N. Y.: St. Paul Book Center. \$3.00.

Seven years ago, Father F. X. Ronsin, who has devoted twenty-five years of his priestly life to the religious formation of young religious, issued a spiritual classic on the duties of religious superiors. This rather lengthy and complete book was greeted with much enthusiasm in its original French edition. But many of the critics called for an abridgment of this work which would be more suitable for busy superiors.

To Govern is To Love is the abridgment of his first book. Its purpose is to furnish the highlights of the duties of superiors of religious communities of women. The book is divided into four parts: 1. To know her subjects. 2. To understand her subjects. 3. To form her subjects. 4. To love them. The first section on the knowledge of subjects begins with a consideration of the Grace of Office and suggests natural and supernatural means of knowing human nature and different national temperaments. The second part, to understand her subjects, considers the superior's office as a Service, a Wisdom and a Cross, and also furnishes pointers on the psychology of different age groups and different temperaments. The importance of instruction and example and some spiritual direction as well as different pointers on the vows form the third part of the book. The last section develops and stresses the essential function of the superior as a real mother of her spiritual children.

To Govern is To Love is a very practical book written by an experienced director of souls. He does demand much from superiors in the way of knowledge, but not so much as to frighten a conscientious religious. It is a handbook that makes no pretense of giving an exhaustive treatment to the topics discussed, but it is a good blueprint for the religious superior.

THE IDEAL WIFE

The Wife Desired. By Rev. Leo J. Kin-

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sella. 168 pp. Chicago, Ill.: Catholic Literature Distributors. \$.70 per copy. Paper cover.

Occasionally there comes to the desk of a book reviewer a book that is delightfully different. This present book, *The Wife Desired*, belongs to a class of books on marriage that is really different. The background of the author prepares him for this work. For a number of years he has acted as judge, perhaps referee would be a better term, on the Separation Board of the Archdiocese of Chicago, where he has had ample contact with wives and husbands who have failed in their marriages. He has also been one of the priest instructors who have given courses on marriage to the Senior girls of the Catholic Schools of Chicago. Besides this, his life as a priest has brought him into contact with many ideal Catholic families.

His experience as a Separation Court judge has taught him that the reasons for marriage failures are about evenly divided between the wives and husbands. But his contacts also have taught him that many wives did not realize that they were at fault and laid all the blame on the husbands. He has found that many girls dream of the ideal husband, but neglect to make themselves the ideal wife. Hence his concern is to stimulate the young girl to prepare her whole personality so that she may be *The Wife Desired*.

The seven chapter headings of this book emphasize the practical turn of the treatise. *The Wife Desired* is an inspiration to her husband; she has personality; she is patient; she is a physical being; she has a sense of humor; she is a companion to her husband; she is religious. Examples from the author's experience help to make these chapters practical. The approach is reverent and yet very realistic. The suggestions are down to earth ones that will necessarily make the girl a better wife. All young girls who are drawn to marriage as their vocation as well as all wives, young or old,

would do well to read and reread *The Wife Desired*. It would make an excellent reference book or text for every high school senior. A word of commendation is certainly due to the Catholic Literature Distributors for making this excellent book available at the very reasonable price of seventy cents a copy.

ST. MARIA GORETTI

Maria Goretti, Saint and Martyr. By Marie Cecilia Buehrle. 128 pp. Dublin, Ireland: Clonmore and Reynolds. 9/6.

The young Italian virgin and martyr, *Maria Goretti*, has captured the hearts of the young today. As a modern martyr for the great virtue of chastity the Saint has a great role to play in behalf of modern youth. This short biography, while not the definitive one, is authentic and inspirational. The author spent some time with Maria's mother and went to the monastery to see the reformed Alessandro and is thus able to give familiar touches to the handling of the material.

CATHOLIC TEACHER

Christopher's Talks to Catholic Teachers.

By Rev. David L. Greenstock. 228 pp. Springfield, Ill.: Templegate. \$3.75.

From the English College at Valladolid, Spain, Father David L. Greenstock has written a series of books on Catholic education. Terming himself Christopher, the priest author has published: *Christopher's Talks to the Little Ones*, *Christopher's Talks to Catholic Children* and *Christopher's Talks to Catholic Parents*. The present volume is intended as an aid to teaching sisters in their great task of the formation of the young on the pattern of Christ. The specific needs and problems of each age group are explained and practical suggestions for meeting the situation are given. This is not intended to replace books on Catechetics but to supplement them with the broader and deeper principles of Catholic education.

BEST SELLERS

I. Suitable for general reading:

No Picnic on Mount Kenya—*Benuzzi*
 Church and Society: Catholic Social and Political Thought and Movements, 1879-1950—*Moody*
 Cockney Communist—*Darke*
 Paul the Apostle—*Ricciotti*
 The Compleat Practical Joker—*Smith*
 . . . With Kitchen Privileges—*Kent*
 Aunt Minnie, the Pastor's Housekeeper—*Eberhardt*
 Obedient Men—*Meadows*
 The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp—*Terrot*
 Saints Off Pedestals—*Cunningham*
 News of the World—*Hoffman*
 The American Legion Reader—*Lasky*
 Riders to the Stars—*Siodmak*
 Out of the Deep—*Wyndham*
 Anne Frank: The Story of a Young Girl—*Frank*
 The Ponder Heart—*Welty*
 The Little Ark—*De Hartog*
 The Fields of Home—*Moody*
 The Good Spirit of Laurel Ridge—*Stuart*

II. Suitable only for adults:

A. Because of advanced style and contents:

Bring on the Girls—*Wodehouse*
 Boswell on the Grand Tour—*Pottle*
 What Europe Thinks of America—*Burnham*
 The Wild Place—*Hulme*
 S. Hurok Presents—*Hurok*
 The Age of Suspicion—*Wechsler*
 Triumph and Tragedy—*Churchill*
 Report on the Atom—*Dean*
 Courage is the Key—*Klein*
 The Vanishing Irish—*O'Brien*
 Period Piece—*Raverat*
 Rainbow on the Road—*Forbes*
 The Man Who Never Was—*Montagu*
 Rebel Heiress—*Neill*
 Fabulous Ancestor—*Demarest*
 Captain of the Medici—*Pugh*
 Philip II—*Walsh*

How to Lie With Statistics—*Huff*
 Star Science Fiction Stories No. 2 —
Pohl
 Expedition to Earth—*Clarke*
 The Case of the Buried Clock—*Gardner*
 Round the Bend—*Shute*
 Cress Delahanty—*West*
 Treasure of the Sun—*Attwood*
 The Riddle of Konnersreuth—*Siwek*

B. Because of immoral incidents which do not, however, invalidate the book as a whole:

The Lights in the Sky are Stars—*Brown*
 The Trembling Earth—*Ven* Every
 Widow Man—*Wolfe*
 The Short Novels of John Steinbeck—
Steinbeck
 The Story of Esther Costello—
Monsarrat
 Wild Drums Beat—*Mason*
 The Naked Risk—*Demarest*
 The King's Rangers—*Brick*
 Yorktown—*Davis*
 Not as a Stranger—*Thompson*
 Westward Ho With the Albatross—
Pettersson
 I'll Bury My Dead—*Chase*

III. Permissible for the discriminating reader:

The Face of Time—*Farrell*
 Lelia; the Life of George Sand—
Maurois
 American Liberty and "Natural Law"—
Gerhart
 The Colors of the Day—*Gary*
 Weeping Cross—*Stuart*
 Beauty for Ashes—*La Farge*

IV. Not recommended to any reader:

Broadway Heartbeat—*Sobel*
 Christian Realism and Political Problems—*Niebuhr*
 Return in August—*Stong*
 The Irish and Catholic Power—
Blanshard
 Peace With God—*Graham*
 Wake of the Red Witch—*Roark*



Lucid Intervals

Junior came home from school one day and proudly announced to his mother:

"Our health class is putting on a play. And guess what? The teacher gave me the leading part."

"That's fine," commented the mother. "Are you going to be the doctor?"

"Shucks, no, Mom," replied Junior, "I'm a germ."

•

An American was touring Ireland. As he entered a hotel in one town, he noticed the words "TAM HTAB" written on the mat in front of the desk.

"I suppose that's Gaelic for 'Welcome' " he said.

"No, sir," replied the clerk, "That's the bath mat turned upside down."

•

A pompous politician was stopped by a patrolman for speeding. As the policeman began to write out the ticket, the politician started to declare his own importance and "certain rights."

"Yeah, I know," interrupted the cop, unimpressed. "I know all about the four freedoms too. You're entitled to the pursuit of happiness, I know, but not at the rate of ninety miles an hour."

•

One woman was heard complaining to another:

"All this talk about the dangers of smoking scared me so much that I had to take up smoking to calm my nerves."

•

The Army captain looked sternly at the young soldier and demanded:

"Private Jones, where is my horse I said I wanted shod?"

The private turned white under his tan as he asked:

"Did you say *shod*?"

•

Rosalie was in her first semester at college when her mother received from her a special delivery airmail letter reading:

"Dear Mother: Please let me have thirty-five dollars for a new dress right away. I've had six dates with Johnny and have worn each of the dresses I brought with me. Have date next Monday night and must have another dress right away."

Her mother replied via Western Union: "Get another boy friend and start over."

•

A lady going out shopping, locked the door and for the benefit of the grocer stuck a card on it: "All out. Don't leave anything." On her return, she found that someone had written on the card: "Thanks, we haven't left much."

•

Last year a pair of Alabama deer hunters were sorely disappointed to find that their favorite guide had deserted them to serve visiting fishermen instead.

"What's the matter? Don't you like hunters?" one of them asked.

"Like 'em first rate."

"Do fishermen pay more?"

"Nope," the guide admitted.

"Then what's the idea of taking up with them?"

"Friend," the veteran woodsman replied, "I just got plumb tired of being shot at for a deer. So fur, ain't nobody mistook me for a fish."

•

The mother lion opened her eyes lazily and she saw her youngest cub chasing a hunter around a tree.

"Junior," she called, "don't play with your food."

Amongst Ourselves

We editors of THE LIGUORIAN often find ourselves belabored by different critics and letter-writers for contradictory reasons. One correspondent will say that, in the problems of social justice, we favor labor too much; another will write in that we are afraid to give labor its due. One will tell us that we write too much and too frankly about marriage, sex and personal family problems; another will urge that we print more material than we do on these practical problems. If we publish something about corporal punishment for the correction of children, someone will cry shame on us for favoring such punishment; someone else will complain that we did not seem to favor it enough. Such contradictory criticisms are healthy signs, we believe. Truth, like virtue, is always a middle ground between extremes. One can be quite sure of being on the middle ground if accusations are simultaneously made that one's principles represent both of the contradictory extremes.

This has always been the case with the teachings of the Catholic Church which we try simply to present and explain in our writings. Always there have been critics of those teachings who have misrepresented them as favoring contradictory extremes at the same time. The sane Catholic teaching on sex and marriage is said by some to favor the puritanical attitude that sex

is evil itself; it is said by others to favor too much laxity in the use of sex. Some accuse the Catholic Church of being anti-intellectual because of her insistence on the importance of faith; others say that she relies too much on an intellectual preparation for the gift of faith. Some enemies of the Church have always said that she was too other-worldly, i.e., unconcerned about conditions in this world because she is interested solely in the other world; others (sometimes the very same critics at a different stage of their opposition to the Church) belabor her for mixing up too much in the social and economic affairs of the world.

So it goes. Extremists and fanatics on one side of a question will always accuse the man in the middle of being an extremist on the other side. We ourselves abhor extremism and fanaticism. One of the very things that make us convinced Catholics, eager to make the truth known to all who will listen or read, is the very fact that, in the middle of all the contradictory heresies that have arisen in 1900 years, and in all the wild controversies and disputes of modern times, the Catholic Church represents the sane, reasonable, eminently understandable middle way of virtue and truth. We shall never abandon that middle way for fanaticism or extremism of any kind.

Please notify us promptly of your change of address, giving both your old and new address. It makes it easy for our office if you cut your stenciled address from the rear cover of one of your issues of The Liguorian and send it in when asking for a change of address. Notify us by the tenth of the month if your copy for that month has not been delivered.

MARIAN YEAR PILGRIMAGE

The Redemptorist Fathers of the United States and Canada are happy to announce that they will conduct special pilgrimages to the original Miraculous Shrine of Our Mother of Perpetual Help in Rome, and to other renowned European shrines of Mary, during this year that is especially dedicated to her honor.

One pilgrimage will leave New York August 12 on the S.S. Mauretania. The other will leave August 18 on the Queen Elizabeth. En route visits will be made to Paris, Lisieux, Lourdes, Loretto, Naples, Pompey, Scala, Pagani, Mater Domini, and to shrines in Germany, England and Ireland.

The return date for those who take the full trip will be October 2. For those who cannot be away that long, shorter tours of from three to four weeks can be arranged.

Anyone interested in these pilgrimages should write for full information to

REDEMPTORIST FATHERS

Box 200

Liguori, Missouri

RAN-DEL-ST. LOUIS, MO.

